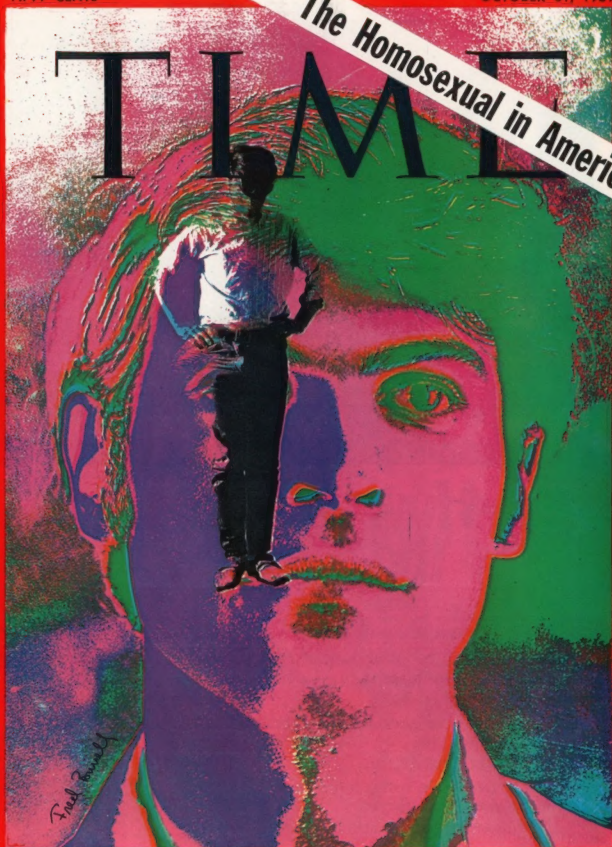


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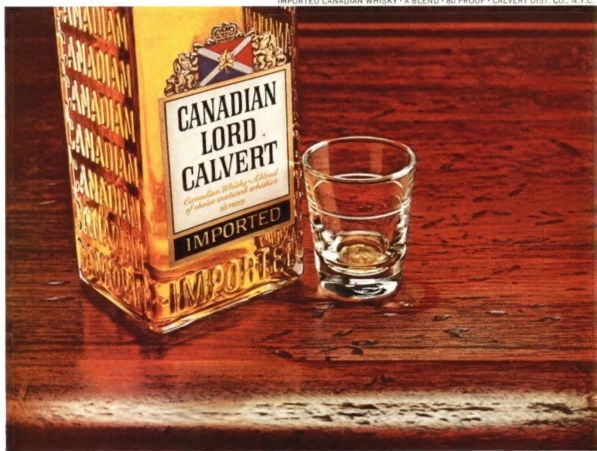
OCTOBER 31, 1969

The Homosexual in America

TIME



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 29

THE BRASS ARE COMIN' (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).^{*} Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass star in this musical special, which also features Petula Clark, Johnny Carson, Gene Kelly, Lorne Greene, James Stewart and Henry Fonda make cameo appearances.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). *Georgy Girl* (1966) stars Lynn Redgrave, James Mason and Alan Bates in a comedy about a gawky, soft-hearted girl. The performances by Redgrave and Mason earned them Oscar nominations.

Thursday, October 30

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8:30-10 p.m.). "Glory! Hallelujah!", described by its author, A. M. Barlow, as a Civil War "parable play," explores the nature of war and its effects on the human spirit.

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *Dear Heart* (1965), with Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page and Angela Lansbury, is the story of misbegotten love between a post-mistress and a greeting-card salesman.

Saturday, November 1

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). National "500" Auto Race from Charlotte, N.C., and an international ski-jumping championship from Planica, Yugoslavia.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). Hamming it up as only this pack can do are Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Peter Lawford and Joey Bishop in *Sergeants 3* (1962).

THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Sammy Davis Jr. plays host to Mama Cass Elliott, Roosevelt Grier, Lionel Hampton and Peter Lawford.

Sunday, November 2

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). "Charlie, the Lonesome Cougar." Part 1 of a two-part story showing how being tamed as a pet dulls a cougar's instinct for survival.

Monday, November 3

NET JOURNAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "The Conservative Mr. Buckley." What William F. Buckley Jr. is all about, as seen through a series of his film statements on crime, the ghetto, capital punishment, patriotism, Communism and the arts.

Tuesday, November 4

NET SCIENCE SPECIAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). "The Heartmakers" explains the world's only artificial-heart implantation in a human being through separate interviews with Dr. Denton Cooley, who performed the operation, and Dr. Michael DeBakey, who headed the research team.

FIRST TUESDAY (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). The so-called TV magazine features a portrait of former Alabama Governor George C. Wallace, a look at the contemplative life at Poor Clare Monastery in Omaha, Neb., and American rule in Okinawa.

CBS NEWS HOUR (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). In cities with elections, results will be reported. Other cities will see "A Conversation with Dean Acheson—Part 2," with CBS News Correspondent Eric Sevareid.

THEATER

On Broadway

INDIANS. Playwright Arthur Kopit has taken up the cause of the American Indian and has tried to mesh together segments of a vaudeville-styled Buffalo Bill Wild West show with segments of Hochuth-Brechtian didactic polemicism. The idea is to spank the audience while making it laugh, but the whole thing refuses to cohere. Stacy Keach plays Buffalo Bill with relish, flamboyance and charm.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE is a revival of the 1935 comedy, with a cast of superb character actors playing together like an ensemble company. Jack Gilford deftly fits his long, lugubrious countenance around the part of Erwin, ace composer of Mother's Day verses for a greeting-card company. Patsy, the horse player, is played by Sam Levene, and Dorothy Loudon as Patsy's moll, does a solo in her underwear that would give any choreographer something to think about.

A PATRIOT FOR ME. When John Osborne steps into the spotlight and throws a night-long temper tantrum, the dramatic results are explosively and corrosively alive. But when he goes rummaging through history for his theme, he is far less successful. This play is about Alfred Redl, a homosexual officer in the army of the decaying Austro-Hungarian Empire who was blackmailed by the Russians into turning traitor. Unfortunately, Osborne's characters are not immersed in history; they merely wear it like a costume.

Off Broadway

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK has the raw, roiling energy of life observed with an exactitude that defies disbelief. The Carneys are a pride of Irish gutter louts, bred to the tooth and claw, who move into the home of the only brother who has tried to flee their world of lacerating animal instinct. The performances are all labors of skill and love, and Arvin Brown's deft direction is full of silent music.

ADAPTATION-NEXT. Elaine May directs both her own play, *Adaptation*, and Terrence McNally's *Nest* in an evening of perceptive and richly comic one-acters.

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY. Playwright Charles Gordone, aided by a skillful cast, examines the fabric of black-white and black-black relationships with uninhibited fury—and unexpected humor.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a moving tribute to the late playwright Lorraine Hansberry made up of selected readings and dramatizations from her writings.

DAMES AT SEA is a delightful parody of the movie musicals of the 1930s, complete with all the frenetic dance routines and the naive young girl who taps her way to stardom.

CINEMA

THE BED SITTING ROOM. This is Director Richard Lester's second surrealist attack on the homicidal excesses of the military; it makes his first aggressive stab against war (*How I Won the War*) look like a warm-up exercise.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. Jon Voight is a strutting phallus, good for nothin' but lovin'; Dustin Hoffman is a septic, crippled thief. Together, they create one of the most moving and poignant performances in the his-

tory of American film. Though Director John Schlesinger has decorated the story with stylistic tics, the film stands as a moving study of the lonely and the loveless.

MEDIUM COOL. Writer-Director Haskell Wexler takes a fictitious plot, places it against an authentic backdrop (the Chicago convention), and explodes a film that is both social and cinematic dynamite.

THE WILD BUNCH. "Killing is no fun. I was trying to show what the hell it's like to get shot," says Director Sam Peckinpah about this film, which follows a ragtag bunch of bandits as they scrounge through the Southwest. While traveling with the bunch, Peckinpah provides long looks at scenes of uncontrolled frenzy in which the sense of chaotic violence is overwhelming.

STAIRCASE. Among other things, Richard Burton and Rex Harrison are known for their heterosexuality. Here they show their acting talent by portraying a pair of middle-aged homosexuals, and they do it most convincingly.

ALICE'S RESTAURANT. This is a film about young people that is, as they say, very much together. Taking Arlo Guthrie's hit song of a couple of years ago, Director Arthur Penn has fashioned a sad, funny, tragic, beautiful picture of a way of life.

THE GYPSY MOTHS. Director John Frankenheimer once more brings courage to the fore in this tale of three stout parachutists bound together by danger. The story bogs down somewhat in heavyhanded philosophy, but Frankenheimer manages to pull the rip cord in time with a brilliant skydiving sequence.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN. Woody Allen makes his debut as a film director. He also co-authored this zany crime flick,

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^{*} All times E.S.T.

and plays the starring role of a crook. What's more, he makes it all work.

EASY RIDER. A major movie on an old theme—youth searching for where it's at. The props are familiar—drugs and motorcycles—but Director Dennis Hopper (who also co-stars with Peter Fonda) puts starch in what has become worn material. Though self-pity gets more footage than it deserves, a brilliant performance by Newcomer Jack Nicholson, plus the use of hard-core Americans playing themselves, makes the youths' odyssey Homeric indeed.

TRUE GRIT. It's the Duke at his best. In what could have been just another western, John Wayne shows true grit in this cornball shoot-'em-up.

BOOKS

Best Reading

AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL, by John Kenneth Galbraith. Kept during the author's two years as Ambassador to India, this diary is rare both for first-rate prose and succinct, irreverent opinion ("The more underdeveloped the country, the more overdeveloped the women").

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Antonia Fraser. A rich, billowing biography of a pretty queen who, by casting herself as a religious martyr, has upstaged her mortal enemy, Queen Elizabeth I, in the imagination of posterity.

MY LIFE WITH MARTIN LUTHER KING JR., by Coretta Scott King. Intimate touches and a personal context lend new dimension and drama to the life of her doomed and dedicated husband.

THEM, by Joyce Carol Oates. A family's battle to escape the economic and spiritual depression of urban American life is the theme of this novel by the author of *A Garden of Earthly Delights* and *Expensive People*.

CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS, by Vine Deloria. A savagely funny and perceptive book by a young member of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe examines the modern plight of red men beset by white plunderers and progressives alike.

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY: A HISTORY OF EXPURGATED BOOKS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, by Noel Perrin. Examining the literary atrocities of squeamish expurgators, the author has created a brilliant little work of cultural history full of wit and learning.

THE WATERFALL, by Margaret Drabble. The author's finest novel is a superb audit of the profits and losses of love for a woman threatening to destroy herself.

THE EGG OF THE GLAK AND OTHER STORIES, by Harvey Jacobs. Bizarre urban fairy tales delivered with the kick and rhythm of a nightclub comedian.

JESUS REDISCOVERED, by Malcolm Muggeridge. The 66-year-old British cultural curmudgeon writes tellingly of the ways, means and meditations that led to his conversion to Christianity.

FAT CITY, by Leonard Gardner. A brilliant exception to the general rule that boxing fiction seldom graduates beyond the level of caricature.

THE COST OF LIVING LIKE THIS, by James Kennaway. An intense and coldly realistic novel about a man's coming to terms with two women who love him and the cancer that is pinching off his life.

THE FRENCH: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Sanche de Gramont. Only the cuisine comes off unscathed in this analysis vignette of the French national character.

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. The novelist repeatedly drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Godfather, Puzo (1 last week)
2. The Love Machine, Susann (2)
3. The House on the Strand, du Maurier
4. Naked Came the Stranger, Ashe (6)
5. The Promise, Potok (5)
6. The Andromeda Strain, Crichton (4)
7. Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (3)
8. The Seven Minutes, Wallace
9. The Pretenders, Davis (7)
10. In This House of Brede, Godden (8)

NONFICTION

1. The Peter Principle, Peter and Hull (2)
2. My Life with Jacqueline Kennedy, Gallagher (1)
3. Prime Time, Kendrick (7)
4. The Kingdom and the Power, Talese (3)
5. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinnis
6. The Making of the President 1968, White (5)
7. My Life and Prophecies, Dixon and Noorbergen (4)
8. The Honeycomb, St. Johns (6)
9. Between Parent and Teenager, Ginott (8)
10. The American Heritage Dictionary (10)

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LETTERS

Who Knows?

Sir: So now housewives know it, Wall Street lawyers know it, college presidents and students know it, politicians and generals know it, Congressmen and businessmen know it, I even think President Nixon knows it: America wants peace [Oct. 17].

ANNE WEISS

Los Angeles

Sir: I opened TIME and saw the young battle-wary trooper, and I wept openly. Why must this young man be in such a position? He did not ask for Viet Nam. Why must some be called upon for such a sacrifice? Do we care enough? Some of these fine men are not even old enough to vote, yet they are asked to give their lives for a war that seems endless. God help us to care, and most of all, to end this senseless mess in Viet Nam.

EVELYN B. MARTIN

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir: I would like to say thank you to all those "brave" Americans who participated in the War Moratorium. Thank you for showing us, the men you have sent over here, that we have your support. The next thing you could do is take our weapons away. That will undoubtedly stop the war. Then you can have another Moratorium, one that will really mourn the dead Americans. I hope you realize how many men you have killed because you took their will to fight away.

EDWARD J. SOARES JR.
Lieutenant, U.S.A.

A.P.O., San Francisco

Sir: The nationwide Moratorium has come and gone, with its excellent emphasis on peace. But one wonders why so many people only protested the U.S. involvement yet said not a whisper about Hanoi's atrocities past or present. Maybe, in order to balance the books a bit, there ought to be a second Moratorium Day showing support for this nation's attempts to secure an honorable and just peace.

JOSEPH H. PICKERING JR.
Nahant, Mass.

Sir: You have charged that President Nixon's statement with regard to the Oct. 15 Moratorium, "Under no circumstances will I be affected whatever by it," was "a serious mistake." This is only true if you warp the intention of a statement obviously made to discourage the Communist leadership in Hanoi. It is indeed ironic that this statement, made to reassure and encourage both our American forces and our South Vietnamese allies dying abroad, should discredit him to those protesting from the safety of their homes.

FREDERICK C. SMITH, 73
Franklin and Marshall College
Lancaster, Pa.

Sir: Which battlefield will historians regard as the true scene of this "first American military defeat"—Viet Nam or the college campus?

LABEL SHARFMAN

Jerusalem, Israel

Sir: I worked in Viet Nam for almost two years. I had many good friends, Vietnamese and Americans, die there. I believe I can honestly say that I hate the war and wish it could stop now! But this Moratorium bit makes me sick. It makes me want to stand and yell . . . but what? How can anyone yell for a war

that is so terrible? I was going to say terrible and senseless, but it isn't senseless. Let's publicly admit it. We have contained China. Had we not gone into Viet Nam I am certain that China would now have full power of some type over all of Southeast Asia and would right now be looking toward South America as her next sphere of influence.

To walk out now—the mad slaughter of South Vietnamese civilians that would certainly take place, aside—is to simply allow, no, invite China and the U.S.S.R. to start anew the policy we have thwarted for the past five or ten years. I cannot understand youth's refusal to read the facts.

Currently the Paris talks are stalemated, for why would anyone negotiate what he expects to win by default?

JACK DOWN

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: It seems to me that the great tragedy of the Viet Nam Moratorium is that people do not realize that peace is too precious to be bought. A gentleman with a silk hat and umbrella learned this 31 years ago.

I remember quite vividly seeing him in the newsreels step off a plane and proclaim that he had bought "peace in our time." The price he paid was Czechoslovakia. Needless to say, he did not buy peace. He merely rented it for one year, paying a rather exorbitant price.

Trying to buy peace from a totalitarian regime is analogous to dealing with an extortionist. By offering South Viet Nam, we may have peace for a short time, but we will soon find ourselves faced with the same problem again, only this time the price will be even greater.

SEYMOUR GOLD

Wantage, N.Y.

Hail Fellows, Well Mets

Sir: God bless 'em—the Mets did it!!! And not by luck but by loyalty, courage, cooperation, magnificent teamwork, and the guidance, understanding and good old know-how of the most lovable and intelligent manager in baseball. My husband and I didn't miss a game (via overseas radio receiver). If Gil Hodges isn't Manager of the Year I quit!!!

(MRS.) BONNIE BLY

Bangkok

Sir: Could you please tell me why everyone is explaining this week's stock market rise as the result of peace hopes, the possible end of inflation, etc., when it is so obvious that the real reason for the rise is those amazing Mets.

PAUL VIDAL

Fall River, Mass.

Sir: The New York Mets have accomplished a task that neither mayoralty, gubernatorial nor presidential candidates have been able to achieve. They have been the first in many years to unify not only attitudes but racial gaps. They have made optimism of us all.

MARVIN HOFBERG

Upper Montclair, N.J.

Hardly Normal

Sir: Your recent Essay "Charisma" [Oct. 17] was splendid and timely, but I must take issue with your characterization of Clement Atlee's postwar government in Britain as "dull, bureaucratic but quin-

tesentially normal." The Atlee regime inaugurated six years of the most far-reaching social reconstruction in British history. It established the vast welfare state at home and presided over the dissolution of the British Empire abroad. The Atlee regime may have been dull and bureaucratic, but it most assuredly was not "quintessentially normal."

ALBERT J. MENENDEZ

Jacksonville

Sir: In your Essay, how could you overlook one of the most inspirational leaders of the past year? To the people of Czechoslovakia Alexander Dubček represented hope, and during a year's stay in that country we saw the hope fade as his official influence was replaced. But months after Husak took over leadership, one could still buy pins and pictures of Dubček at souvenir stands in Praha. Hope may be gone but not the memories.

PHYLLIS JONES

San Diego

Sir: You state that we are without leadership as we are now bereft of the towering presence of John F. Kennedy and instead have that bland Richard Nixon thrust upon us.

I, for one, am sick and tired of having that little kid who couldn't think his way out of a paper bag held up as a leader. President Nixon is now busy cleaning up the war left by the Democrats, as President Eisenhower, early in his first term, was busy cleaning up a war left by the Democrats.

NATALIE GREER

Des Plaines, Ill.

Fueling the Argument

Sir: Re "Air Pollution—Toward a Cleaner Car" [Oct. 17]: natural gas is certainly a clean-burning fuel. However, for automotive use it must be stored as a cryogenic (super-cold) liquid in a large, well-insulated tank. Unfortunately, if you do not drive a large number of miles in a relatively short time, the liquefied natural gas boils off. If your car sits in the driveway for a few weeks while you're on vacation, you may return to find your fuel has evaporated. Not only is this both expensive and expensive, but I suspect this evaporated hydrocarbon fuel may pollute the atmosphere with unburned hydrocarbons similar to those from evaporating gasoline.

H. E. SEIFF

Arlington, Va.

Equality in All Things

Sir: Why are lesbians always given second billing? We do not even rate equality with the male homosexual when it comes to discrimination [Oct. 24].

Many of us, lesbians and homosexuals alike, cannot help being vastly amused by the phrase, "the prevalent sense of hopelessness and inevitability." For we know the people who suffer from this syndrome: the frustrated psychiatrists and psychotherapists who so valiantly attempt to "cure" those of us who are young enough and hurt enough by society's prejudice to seek out their well-earned help.

And may I add that I hope that stringent laws against heterosexuals who "commit forcible rape, seduce children or commit sex acts in public" will remain on the books?

RITA LAPORTE

Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.
San Francisco



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Ignorance I and II

Sir: Alcoholics and other present-day villains account for a small percentage of any given area. How is it that 18-year-old Stephen D. Pogue [Oct. 17] came in contact only with those who "forced" their repulsive culture down his throat?

Considering that the age of 18 is closely aligned with omniscience, it's difficult to understand how any mentally alert person can believe that the substitution of one intoxicant for another is cause for respect.

Can anyone honestly seek respect for a new culture that replaces hypocrisy with cop-out, infidelity with phallic worship, uninvolved with license, apathy with conscientious destructive dissent, permissiveness with rebellion, physical violence with emotional violence, money with adulterated beggary, a dead God with astrology, an empty home with a teeming commune, jealousy with conformism, decadent old ideology with decadent new ideology, and Ignorance I with Ignorance II?

Perhaps the only hope is in future children who, by the grace of God if not their elders, will mature enough to reject both evils.

A. J. VENGARCIK

Struthers, Ohio

Haunting Lines

Sir: Your "Black Lamps: White Mirrors" [Oct. 3] is the most frequently beautiful article to appear in *TIME* since I first started taking your magazine 30 years ago. I am reminded of two haunting lines from a poem by Countee Cullen:

*Yet do I marvel at this curious thing:
To make a poet black, and bid him sing.*

(MRS.) ELSIE H. BOYLE

A.P.O. San Francisco

Bon Appétit

Sir: Re the story "Tale of a Snail" [Oct. 17], I have one question: Are they edible? If so, they should warm the cockles of any and all gourmet hearts.

HENRIETTE ROUGRAFF

Sewickley, Pa.

▶ *Edible yes; heartwarming no. After boiling for 1½ hours, they remain tough and rubbery, smell like burnt chicken feathers, and taste like rich, black humus. Another 45 minutes in the pot does little to improve the dish.*

Address Letters to *TIME*, *TIME & LIFE* Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

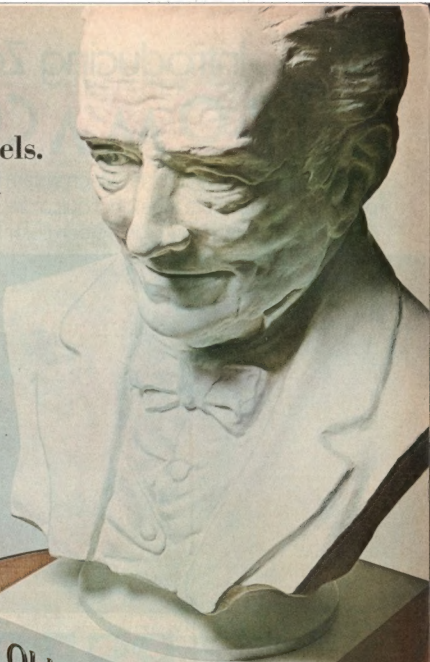
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Magnified drawing of ordinary color picture screen



Magnified drawing of new Zenith Chromacolor picture screen

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

End of the Road

Jack Kerouac's "barbaric yawp" broke into the American consciousness in the middle years of Eisenhower. At roughly the same time, Marlon Brando, adenoidal and inarticulately glowering, careered through adolescent daydreams astride a Harley-Davidson. From the perspective of the late '60s, the old rebellions and spontaneities seem as touchingly quaint as the shock they elicited at the time. Kerouac's vision was compounded of Buddhism, booze (of all bourgeois things) and a chaotic lowlife that he worked into exuberant underground literature. When he wrote of casual sex or marijuana, they were still exotic and forbidden fruits. At the end, he was living in geriatric St. Petersburg, Fla., dutifully looking after his ailing mother.

As a shaman of the Beat Generation, Kerouac was a forerunner of today's hippie and radical counterculture. But he would not or could not translate himself into the '60s. A little before he died last week at 47, Kerouac was muttering at both straight society and the rebellious young, the military-industrial complex and the Viet Cong. "You can't fight city hall," he wrote. "It keeps changing its name." It would be too easy to believe that all of today's radical young will slip into cantankerous conservatism. But some undoubtedly will. It may be that Robert Frost had the most sensible formula. Frost was a conservative in his youth, he said, so that he might be free to be anarchistic in his old age.

Reagan the Historian

Maybe his sense of apocalypse is heightened by living so close to the San Andreas Fault. During a fund-raising luncheon at his alma mater, Illinois' Ureka College, California's Governor Ronald Reagan applied a tremendously ominous—if extremely loose—interpretation of history to the constitution of the U.S. "The young men of Rome began avoiding military service," said Reagan, who tripped up a bit on the distinction between Spengler's Decline of the West and Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. "[They] took to wearing feminine-like hairdos and garments, until it became difficult to tell the sexes apart. Among the teachers and scholars was a group called the Cynics, who let their hair and beards

grow, were slovenly in their dress. The morals declined. Rioting was commonplace. And all the time the twin diseases of confiscatory taxation and creeping inflation were waiting to deliver the death blow. When they finally overcame the energy and ambition of Rome's middle class, Rome fell."

Some serious historians have worried about the parallels between U.S. and Roman history, but Reagan's approach is more polemical than historical. He selected phenomena from several centuries of Roman history and touched up the facts a bit to suit his moral. Reagan really should begin research on Sodom and Gomorrah. Somewhere between the lines he might find that S. and G. flamed out just as soon as the local bureaucrats began to fluoridate the water and teach sex education in the schools.

Love to Fuzz

Radicals "Oink!" at them and ordinary citizens ignore their pleas for help in the streets. Yet in California's San Mateo County, someone loves the police. In recent weeks, deputy sheriffs have been finding their squad car bumpers plastered with stickers that proclaim PIGS IS BEAUTIFUL. But one just cannot please the cops. Assistant Sheriff Eugene Stewart said the slogan is a compliment—and ordered that the stickers be removed as rapidly as they appear. "These are publicly owned vehicles," he explained. "It is not appropriate to express a public opinion in this manner, one way or the other."

Kissinger's Advice

Professor Henry Kissinger, President Nixon's assistant for national-security affairs, has an improbable passion, which he perhaps plays up from his boss' professional toothball. Kissinger analyzes the play as if it were a parable of war and peace. Watching a Miami Dolphins-Oakland Raiders game with White House Aide William Safire, Kissinger second-guessed the plays accurately until the middle of the second quarter, when Miami had the ball. "What now?" asked Safire. Kissinger observed that Miami Quarterback Bob Griese had not yet passed on first down, and might try it this time to catch Oakland off balance. Sure enough, Griese passed on first down—and was intercepted for an Oakland touchdown. "There is a lesson in this," Kissinger smiled. "You should be careful how you listen to experts on the sidelines."

ARMS CONTROL

What Can SALT Halt?

"Nuclear stalemate" is a phrase frequently used to describe the equation of the U.S. and Soviet Russia. The fact is that it is not truly a stalemate but a competition. To curb that competition and to establish an agreed-upon balance of destructive power have long been elusive hopes. In his Inaugural Address in January, the President declared: "With those who are willing to join, let us cooperate to reduce the burden of arms." For a long time, it seemed, the right people were not willing. After confidently predicting that U.S.-Soviet talks to limit arms would begin in August, the Administration heard mostly a series of hints, evasions and half-promises from Moscow. Finally, last week, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin



NAVY'S POSEIDON MISSILE IN FIRST TEST

Counting on cost and effect.

paid a secret visit to the White House and informed Nixon that Moscow was ready to open preliminary discussions Nov. 17 in Helsinki.

The negotiations are bound to popularize yet another weird acronym—SALT, for Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. The first round of sessions, lasting perhaps only a few weeks, will concentrate not on real issues but primarily on setting an agenda and other preliminaries. If neither side makes unreasonable demands, substantive bargaining could begin soon afterward. Despite the belated Russian response, Secretary of State William Rogers terms the Soviets "serious" in their desire to negotiate. There is reason to hope, then,

that the tedium of setting up ground rules will be kept to a minimum and that the Helsinki talks really signal what Rogers calls "possibly the most important negotiations that we will be involved in." Even partial success could yield a more significant Soviet-American agreement than the 1963 limited ban on nuclear testing.

Verification Problem. The fundamental purpose of SALT, of course, is for the U.S. and Russia to agree on a freeze or even a reduction in such enormously expensive weapons systems as anti-ballistic missiles (ABM) and new, multiheaded offensive missiles (MIRV). The necessity for both sides to verify mutually agreed cuts or halts in weapons production will involve discussion of tremendous technical problems. What each side will be bargaining about, moreover, is the vital protective shield of its society. For both of these reasons, progress in SALT is not likely to pour out quickly.

The one practical cause for hope is the desire on both sides to cut military weapons expenditures. Billions for new nuclear armaments not only divert funds from other needs, but are soon vitiated as each side keeps pace with the other. As the talks open, both Russia and the U.S. are mid-course in the development of ABM and MIRV—and the hardest, most suspicion-ridden bargaining of the sessions will center on them. The defensive ABM complex, which is already operational around Moscow, is due to be installed in twelve widely scattered U.S. sites. MIRV (for multiple individually targeted re-entry vehicle) permits a single launcher to deliver separate nuclear warheads on various targets. This device could be operational in the U.S. in about a year, probably ahead of the Russian version.

If both sides wanted to save the cost of further developing these weapons—especially the deadly offensive weapon—they could agree early to halt testing on MIRV during the negotiations. The Pentagon, however, has argued strongly for completion of testing so that its full development, if necessary, can be assured. Rogers said only that "we are obviously considering the questions of MIRVs." Rogers also said that he did not expect the U.S. to offer a comprehensive proposal to the Russians. The implication was that the U.S. would feel its way in the talks, issue by issue.

Moscow, while announcing the negotiations simultaneously with Washington, has not even said who will represent the Soviets in Helsinki. The chief of the U.S. delegation will be Gerard Smith, 55, a lawyer who served as senior adviser on atomic and disarmament policies in the Eisenhower Administration and is now director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Smith has already had one notable success in getting through to the Russians. Shortly before the Kennedy victory in 1960, he suggested the hot line between Washington and Moscow.

LOW SILHOUETTE RISING

THE presidential soft sell, the lowered voice and the low silhouette had produced the impression of a vacuum in Washington. Now Richard Nixon is reacting against this feeling of drift. Under the pressure of events, he has begun to exhort and to "jawbone." The pace is still hardly breakneck or the mood galvanic compared with those of more activist Presidents, but Nixon is clearly determined to reassert a sense of leadership.

He is acting on many fronts. He spent a hard-working weekend in the quiet of Camp David. He summoned Secretary of State William Rogers, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger and top CIA officials to grapple with a painfully familiar topic: Viet Nam. Back in Washington, Nixon invited reporters into his office and vowed that he intended to stand behind his Supreme Court nominee, Judge Clement Haynsworth, "until he is confirmed." He ac-

Nam debate. Nixon's unusually early announcement two weeks ago that he will deliver a major speech about the war on Nov. 3 has touched off intense speculation. Indeed, some of his severest critics on Capitol Hill were easing up, apparently convinced that something big is stirring. Senator William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, said he believed that Nixon "is trying to wind down

DAVID J. PHILLIPS



DEFENSE SECRETARY LAIRD

DAVID J. PHILLIPS



GREETING SHAH OF IRAN



FULBRIGHT



BAKER

cused some of the judge's critics of "vicious character assassination." Then Nixon held a two-hour meeting with congressional leaders of both parties to plead for his Administration's proposals for narcotics legislation.

Nixon had said last January that he did not believe in jawboning with labor or business leaders to get them to hold down prices and wages, but in recent weeks he has adopted a mild version of the technique. He pleaded for restraint through 2,200 personal letters to union and management chiefs. He sent a pointed message to Congress, prodding it to speed up action on his legislative proposals. This week he expects to go into New Jersey and Virginia to provide some purely partisan support for Republican gubernatorial candidates. He also plans a speech outlining new directions in Latin American policy.

The rising presidential silhouette is having its greatest impact on the Viet



FORD & SCOTT

the war in Viet Nam" and predicted that the speech will demonstrate "his determination to liquidate" it. Fulbright postponed new hearings on the war until after the speech. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield said he had moved in the direction of a cease-fire, and urged public support of the President's efforts.

Republican Senator Howard Baker of

Tennessee said he thought that "we might have American troops out of combat within a year." Vermont's Senator George Aiken made a similar prediction. Those views were given added weight by House Republican Leader Gerald Ford's estimate that half of all U.S. troops will be out of Viet Nam by mid-1970. Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott contended that the U.S. is approaching a *de facto* cease-fire. He urged that the U.S. go a step farther and declare that "on a certain date we will stop firing, and if we are not fired on, a cease-fire will occur."

Did all the cheery talk mean that these Senators have some secret information about the Administration's plans? Apparently not. Admitted Baker: "It's a hope based on little bits of information—a general feeling." A member of Fulbright's committee staff put it more wryly: "There's a feeling that if people say often enough what they hope they'll be hearing from the President, he'll end up saying it himself."

Actually, the Administration moved swiftly to squelch the rising expectations of any dramatic announcement. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, in particular, tried to knock down all the talk about a unilateral cease-fire. He said that it "would not be a successful approach," because a cease-fire requires the cooperation of both sides and should be the subject of negotiation in Paris.

Breaking Storm. The notion that U.S. troops are under orders that approach any kind of truce was ridiculed by U.S. commanders in Viet Nam. "I'd like to get Mansfield and Scott over here," scoffed Lieut. Colonel Burton Walrath, a battalion commander at a fire-support base near Cu Chi. "We're killing the Communists today just like we always have." The only change, many officers say, is that they send out smaller patrols to find the enemy. Nonetheless, American commanders are emphasizing the policy of "Vietnamization" more vigorously than ever.

That difference in combat perspective between Viet Nam and Washington is something Nixon might well clear up in his speech. If a unilateral cease-fire seems to be ruled out, he may still offer a faster withdrawal schedule for U.S. forces. After all the time he has allowed for speculation, anything short of that could make the speech a dampening disappointment.

For nearly eight months the President's strategy of low-key persuasion and attempts to let national tensions ease by avoiding political conflict seemed promising, one White House aide contends. But shortly after Nixon's month-long summer stay at San Clemente, Calif., the troubles piled up. "Then everybody started unloading on him and the storm broke. It's been forced on him, but now the President sees that he's going to have to fight." Fights, of course, are risky—but vacillation and drift at a time of national distress seem more so.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY Agnew Unleashed

The White House protests, perhaps too much, that Spiro Agnew is not "on a leash," that he does not have to clear his speeches with headquarters. If that accurately reflects the Agnew-Nixon relationship, it would seem to be one of the stronger arguments for censorship.

During last fall's campaign, the gaffes that made Agnew the household word that he said he wasn't ("fat Jap," "when you've seen one slum you've seen them all," *et al.*) were off-the-cuff blunders. These days his atrocities are premeditated. He seems unable to help it. The left, intellectuals, protesters, Democrats, just aren't his kind of folks.

In Dallas, he decried unrest on Amer-



AGNEW ABOARD NUCLEAR SUB
Attack of the new meanie.

ican campuses as the work of a "minority of pushy youngsters and middle-aged malcontents." Last week the Vice President complained in Jackson, Miss., that the South has too long been "the punching bag for those who characterize themselves as liberal intellectuals." Maybe he had a point about the South, but he outdid himself in New Orleans by saying of the Oct. 15 Moratorium: "A spirit of national masochism prevails, encouraged by an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals."

The Jordan Rule. The instant outrage greeting the last sally showed that Agnew's intended targets are hardly exhausted. Perhaps the best put-down though, was the calm one that came from Senator William Fulbright. He wasn't disturbed by the attack, said the Foreign Relations Committee Chairman: "I just considered the source." The newest gag in the G.O.P. Senate cloakroom:

Q. What is the new definition of effete?

A. Effete is what Spiro puts in his mouth.

When he isn't amusing Republicans on Capitol Hill, the Vice President is infuriating them. Toward the end of the long dispute over extending the income tax surcharge, Agnew attempted to intervene on behalf of the Administration's position. His intrusion in the delicate bargaining caused disruption rather than progress. Later, Idaho Senator Len Jordan, normally one of the most loyal and quiet of Republicans, promulgated the Jordan rule: "Whenever I am lobbied by the Vice President, I will automatically vote the opposite way."

Apparently Agnew learned nothing from the summer tax fight. Last week, when Maine Democrat Edmund Muskie proposed that the U.S. unilaterally halt

testing MIRV nuclear warheads for six months, the Vice President issued the admonition that "no responsible person would propose that the President play Russian roulette with U.S. security." Agnew seemed to have overlooked the fact that Massachusetts Republican Edward Brooke and 42 other Senators were already promoting a resolution in favor of a bilateral recess in MIRV testing pending the start of Soviet-American arms control talks. The measure had seemed to be stuck until Agnew spoke out. Now Majority Leader Mike Mansfield wants the Foreign Relations Committee to begin hearings on it as soon as possible—a move that would discomfort the Administration.

Parent Power. One of Spiro Agnew's problems is simply candor. He is a blunt man with strong views, and he wants the world to know about them. Last week he told a *Newsday* columnist, Nick Timmesch, that he had prevented his daughter Kim, 13, from marching and wearing a black armband on Moratorium Day. "She was unhappy about it for a day," Agnew said, "but she got over it. Parental-type power must be exercised."

But candor and the desire to let off steam—understandable in an energetic man with little else to do—are not the only explanation for Agnew's behavior. His demand that the Moratorium leaders repudiate Hanoi's endorsement of the movement, for instance, came immediately after a Nixon-Agnew meeting. While other Republican officials have spoken calmly and even sympathetically of the M-day dissenters, Agnew has been there to remind the Administration's harder-nosed constituents that Washington is not going soft. The precedent is almost too obvious. During the '50s, it was Vice President Nixon who played the blue-jawed meanie to Eisenhower's statesman, Lyndon Johnson occasionally used Hubert Humphrey in similar fashion. Now it is Agnew's turn to be the pugilist, and he seems to be enjoying it.

Americans on the War: Divided, Glum, Unwilling to Quit

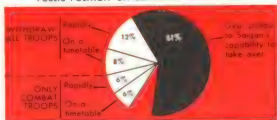
NEARLY five years after the 1965 buildup, Americans are increasingly impatient for a way out of Viet Nam, skeptical about the outcome of the fighting and ambivalent about the means of ending it. More than a third of the public want immediate, unconditional withdrawal of U.S. forces—a sizable figure in support of a policy that until recently was overwhelmingly held to be unthinkable and disastrous.

Yet, considering the outpouring of antiwar feeling on Moratorium Day, it is remarkable how much support remains for the policy of ending the war in honorable fashion, short of complete abandonment of

Still, reports Harris, a mood of pessimism—not unlike that of France following its 1954 debacle in Indo-China—pervades the country. "The irony," says Harris, "is that the American mood is as pessimistic as it is without a Dienbienphu."

The results of the poll demonstrate the extent to which the war has divided the American people. The country's leadership group, for the most part, is far more impatient about the war, far more cynical about the prospects of peace, than the general public. Antiwar sentiment is higher among blacks than whites, more pronounced among the young than the old, stronger in the East and West than the South and Midwest.

PUBLIC POSITION ON BRINGING FORCES HOME



South Viet Nam. The President enjoys considerable support; a majority backs him on the rate of troop withdrawal and on the matter of self-determination for South Viet Nam.

Seeming contradictions abound in the American mood. Four-fifths of the nation profess to be "fed up and tired of the war"; yet half do not want to see the U.S. "cut and run" from Southeast Asia, and more than half believe the present pace of troop withdrawals is about right or too fast. Nearly half of the public would favor continued withdrawal even if it meant collapse of the Saigon government, and more than 40% feel that the country will probably go Communist despite U.S. efforts. Yet a majority still hope to preserve a non-Communist regime in Saigon.

These are findings of a new TIME-Louis Harris poll to determine how much support exists among Americans for the war and for alternatives in pursuing or ending it. In order to identify the differences between the general public and those expected to be better informed on the war's complexities, the TIME-Harris interviewers polled two samples—1,650 members of a cross section of the entire population and 1,118 national and community leaders. The second group included only public officials, chiefs of minority and dissident organizations, business executives, editors, leaders of educational and voluntary institutions—those whose collective voice registers loudest in public debate.

The results suggest that growing impatience with the war—especially among the leaders—could undermine President Nixon's efforts to carry out a program of controlled disengagement. But they also show that Nixon has managed to win broad support for two crucial points of his Viet Nam policy—withdrawal of American troops pegged to "Vietnamization" of the war, and holding out for the right of South Vietnamese self-determination. Fully three-quarters of the public polled favor the President's program of troop withdrawals. But half of the general public would be willing to back Nixon in one last attempt to escalate and win.

Support for the President

Overall, Nixon has gained rather than lost ground recently. Nixon's positive rating on the conduct of the war jumped ten points from a low of 35% in September to 45% on Oct. 14, the last day of interviewing for the poll and the day before the Viet Nam moratorium. Yet 50% of the general public and 53% of the leaders gave him a negative rating, proving that he is still highly vulnerable on the war issue. Nixon's handling of the negotiations to end the war won him no more kudos. Only 45% of the general public and 43% of the leaders approved his handling of the negotiations, while 49% of the public and 53% of the leaders gave him negative marks.

Is Nixon following the policies of the Johnson Administration in Viet Nam?

The people say no. Sixty percent of the total public and 53% of the leadership group believe that Nixon

Do you favor immediate withdrawal of all U.S. troops from Viet Nam?

	Public			Leaders		
	Favor %	Oppose %	Not Sure %	Favor %	Oppose %	Not Sure %
Nationwide.....	35	57	7	32	61	7
East.....	45	47	8	40	51	9
Midwest.....	30	63	7	34	59	7
South.....	33	57	10	31	64	5
West.....	33	60	7	33	64	3
Cities.....	47	48	5	36	58	6
Suburbs.....	33	60	6	31	61	8
Towns and rural.....	31	59	10	18	74	8
Under 30.....	35	58	7	34	61	7
30 to 49.....	34	59	7	34	61	7
50 and over.....	38	51	11	27	67	6
White.....	34	58	8	X	X	X
Black.....	50	41	9	X	X	X
Republicans.....	28	68	8	X	X	X
Democrats.....	38	54	8	X	X	X
8th grade.....	39	52	9	X	X	X
High School.....	34	58	8	X	X	X
College.....	36	58	6	X	X	X
Public Officials.....	X	X	X	23	70	7
Minority and dissident leaders.....	X	X	X	19	74	7
Community leaders.....	X	X	X	28	66	6
Business leaders.....	X	X	X	26	66	8
Education and religious leaders.....	X	X	X	33	59	8
Voluntary organizations.....	X	X	X	31	63	6

has broken with his predecessor to follow his own policy in Southeast Asia.

The President's plan to bring home the troops has strong support throughout the country. When asked directly, 76% of both the public and the leaders agreed, at least in principle, with the Nixon policy on troop withdrawals. But pressure to step up their pace seems likely to intensify. Only 6% of the public thought the withdrawals were proceeding too quickly, while 49% found the pace "about right"; 29%, however, felt the pace too slow. Among leaders, the pressure is even stronger. Although 39% were satisfied with the rate at which American manpower was being pulled out of Viet Nam, only 4% thought things were moving too rapidly, while 38% felt they were going too slowly.

How quickly should the troops be withdrawn?

Thirty-six percent of the public and 32% of the leaders favored immediate, total withdrawal of U.S. troops from Viet Nam. Of several hypothetical situations that might justify an immediate U.S. pull-out, only a seizure of the Vietnamese government by hard-line generals determined to fight indefinitely found a majority willing to back an instant U.S. withdrawal.

Q: Is Nixon following Johnson's policies on Viet Nam?



The majority of Americans and their leaders favored phased withdrawals. "It's too late to suddenly just drop it," said Mrs. James A. Deines of Bird City, Kans. "The only alternative we've got left is to end it as honorably and as quickly as possible." Sixty-one percent of the public and 58% of the leaders believed that an American pull-out should be timed according to increasing South Vietnamese strength—though patience with the Vietnamization effort is strictly limited.

How strong is the commitment to withdrawal?

Forty-seven percent of the public would follow a pre-arranged withdrawal timetable, even if the Saigon government were to collapse as a result; only 38% would alter the schedule to save the Thieu regime. Among leaders, the commitment is even firmer: 56% opted to pull out in the face of a government disaster; only 31% agreed to stay.

As the poll makes clear, Nixon could buy more time and support for his program of troop withdrawal by turning the fighting over to volunteers. Fifty-two percent of the public favored a voluntary force for Viet Nam; 46% of the leaders were willing to go along. Most would be willing to leave a volunteer army in Viet Nam for another year.

Although few people seem to be thinking in terms of a specific time limit for an end to U.S. involvement in Viet Nam, well under a majority of either the public or the leaders were willing to let the President maintain existing troop strength for more than a year. No more than 23% of the public and 18% of the leaders agreed to leave troops at the present 500,000 level for more than a year, although 10% were willing to keep them there for as long as five years. Nor are many more willing to tolerate what is reported to be the President's fallback position on troop reductions. Only 27% of the public and 25% of the leaders agreed to keeping a substantially lower 200,000-troop level in Viet Nam beyond next fall. By much the same proportions, Americans rejected the long-term use of a mixed force of volunteers and draftees. Just 28% of the public and 27% of the leaders agreed to keep a mixture of 125,000 volunteers and 75,000 draftees in Southeast Asia for more than a year. However, 37% of the public and 33% of the leaders were willing to leave a 200,000-man all-volunteer force in Viet Nam for at least two more years, and 16% were agreeable to letting them stay for five.

Changing Attitudes on the War

Fully 80% of the public and 81% of the leadership group are simply tired of the war. They feel that it was a mistake to begin with, and has been a needless waste of lives. Said Harris: "The basic rationale and justification for the Vietnamese war are rapidly fading from the consciousness of the people." Where two years ago 83% of the public agreed that the war was necessary to resist Communist aggression in Asia, today only 55% of the general public and 49% of the leadership accept this explanation. Even fewer said that Viet Nam is crucial to U.S. interests. Only 41% of the public and 32% of the leadership agreed with the proposition that the war is necessary to guarantee national security.

The public and the leaders held divergent views on both the necessity for "saving face" and the firmness of the U.S. commitment to remain in Southeast Asia. Half of the public accepted the idea that the U.S. has placed its reputation on the line in Viet Nam and could not leave until it had assured South Vietnamese independence; 54% of the leaders disagreed. Nearly half (48%) of the public went along with the proposition that the U.S. presence in Viet Nam was a commitment not just to the Vietnamese, but to the world; 54% of the leaders rejected this, too.

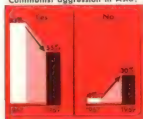
Has this new mood helped the antiwar movement?

Skepticism about the reasons for the war has created a climate of tolerance for the dissenters whom Vice President Spiro Agnew attacked last week. Seventy percent of the leaders refused to buy the argument that opposition to the war is led by radicals

Do you approve of the present rate of troop withdrawals?

	Public				Leaders			
	Too Fast	Too Slow	About Right	Not Sure	Too Fast	Too Slow	About Right	Not Sure
Nationwide	6	29	49	16	4	38	39	19
East	5	37	42	16	3	45	31	21
Midwest	5	28	51	16	4	35	39	22
South	5	22	58	15	5	29	47	19
West	9	29	45	17	1	45	38	16
Cities	5	40	44	11	3	43	35	19
Suburbs	5	30	44	21	4	36	41	19
Towns and Rural	6	22	54	18	8	22	49	21
Under 30	6	33	49	12	3	42	37	18
30 to 49	6	28	47	19				
50 and over	5	29	53	17	5	30	43	22
White	6	28	49	17	X	X	X	X
Black	4	33	55	8	X	X	X	X
Republicans	6	21	56	17	X	X	X	X
Democrats	7	31	46	16	X	X	X	X
8th grade	5	18	61	16	X	X	X	X
High school	7	27	51	15	X	X	X	X
College	4	36	42	18	X	X	X	X
Public officials	X	X	X	X	4	33	40	23
Minority and dissident leaders	X	X	X	X	2	66	15	17
Communications leaders	X	X	X	X	2	37	44	17
Business leaders	X	X	X	X	5	29	48	18
Education and religious leaders	X	X	X	X	3	43	34	20
Voluntary organizations	X	X	X	X	3	39	39	19

Q: Is war necessary to resist Communist aggression in Asia?



majorities of both the public and the leaders felt that the tragedy of the war was that it had divided the American people and agreed that it should be ended because it has kept the country from doing more about its domestic problems. "It's drained too many resources from this country—its manpower, its leadership, its resources," said Isaac Young, mayor of Olivette, Mo. "It's set this country back many years in solving its own problems."

No Illusions About Saigon

Angered by the intransigence of South Viet Nam's leaders and shocked by tales of graft and corruption, Americans seem to be losing the good will they once felt for their ally. By 42% to 21%, respondents said that the South Vietnamese government has hindered rather than helped the U.S. in its search for peace. The leadership group went the same way, 55% to 20%. Neither the leaders nor the public expressed any illusions about freedom in North Viet Nam, and both agreed that the Hanoi government commands more loyalty from its citizens than the Saigon regime. Said Ralph Comfotes of Los Angeles: "We are supporting a government that has no support from the Buddhists. We don't have the support of the Viet peasant."

Sixty-four percent of the public and 74% of the leaders favored replacing the Thieu government with one more representative of the South Vietnamese people. However, the public found itself nearly evenly divided when asked if it thought that the South Vietnamese army would fight better under a new government, while only a small plurality of the leaders felt it would.

What are acceptable settlement terms?

American attitudes toward the South Vietnamese government have had a profound influence on the type of settlement the country is willing to accept to end the war. While 55% of the leaders and 58% of the public voiced support of the President in maintaining that South Viet Nam's right of self-determination is not negotiable, those polled showed great flexibility on the meaning of the term.

The public would accept a neutralist government, committed neither to the U.S. nor the Communists, by a 71% to 12% margin. However, the public is willing, by 47% to 26%, to sacrifice the present Saigon government if that is the only way to peace, while the leaders, 62% to 22%, are even more agreeable to the idea. The partitioning of South Viet Nam, under which the Viet Cong would rule those parts of the country it controlled and the Saigon government the rest, is supported by a 42% to 29% margin among the people and 53% to 33% among the leaders.

But on the question of whether Communists should be allowed into a new South Vietnamese government, the public and the leaders parted ways decisively. The public opposed letting the Communists into the government 49% to 33%; the leaders favored such a com-

who do not care what happens to the U.S. Forty-nine percent of the public went along with them.

The leadership also rejected, by a margin of 72% to 20%, the idea that antiwar sentiment is playing too large a part in Nixon's war decisions. The public agreed with the leaders by a margin of 49% to 35%.

Should the President order a unilateral cease-fire?

	Public			Leaders		
	Favor %	Oppose %	Not Sure %	Favor %	Oppose %	Not Sure %
Nationwide	44	44	12	44	45	11
East	54	33	13	47	39	14
Midwest	45	44	11	52	38	10
South	32	52	16	33	60	7
West	45	47	8	46	43	11
Cities	54	35	11	48	42	10
Suburbs	47	43	10	45	43	12
Towns and rural	38	48	14	32	60	8
Under 30	45	45	9	45	45	10
30 to 49	43	48	9	45	45	10
50 and over	48	37	15	43	45	12
Men	44	48	8	X	X	X
Women	45	39	16	X	X	X
White	43	45	12	X	X	X
Black	56	29	15	X	X	X
Eighth grade	48	36	16	X	X	X
High School	43	46	11	X	X	X
College	45	45	10	X	X	X
Republican	42	47	11	X	X	X
Democrat	46	43	11	X	X	X
Veterans	40	53	7	38	52	10
Voted Nixon	40	49	11	X	X	X
Voted Humphrey	50	39	11	X	X	X
Public officials	X	X	X	42	45	13
Minority and dissident leaders	X	X	X	47	42	11
Communications leaders	X	X	X	48	45	7
Business leaders	X	X	X	40	53	7
Education and religion	X	X	X	49	39	12
Voluntary organizations	X	X	X	45	42	13

promise 62% to 28%. The public also rejected a government with a Communist majority 62% to 21%. The leaders split, 44% in favor, 45% opposed.

Nixon's Dilemma

Embroidered in a war they cannot win under the rules of engagement and do not wish to lose, Americans find themselves confused as they look to the future. Although most have abandoned hope for a military victory, only a minority expect the Paris negotiations to produce an "honorable settlement."

This contradiction confronts Nixon with riddles as he looks toward 1972. Ninety-four percent of the public and 91% of the leaders

say they would support Nixon if he ends the war this year on honorable terms, a condition that seems impossible to meet. Sixty percent of the public and leaders are willing to support him whether he ends the war or not as long as he gets American troops out of Viet Nam. A surprising 52% of the public would be willing to support him in one last-ditch attempt to gain a military victory; 53% of the leaders would oppose such a move. Sixty percent of the leaders and 67% of the public said that they would oppose him if the Communists took over the South Vietnamese government. The fact that a plurality of both public and leaders believe that South Viet Nam will ultimately go Communist anyway only underscores the U.S.'s dilemma—and Nixon's.

Q: After war will South Viet Nam go Communist?



PROTEST

Conflict in the Movement

Looking back on its greatest success—the Oct. 15 Moratorium Day—the multifaceted U.S. peace movement is exhilarated. Looking ahead to its plans for November, it is worried. Can the momentum be sustained? Can violence be avoided? Most of all, will the desire for peace prevail over the movement's tendency to wage internal war over goals and tactics?

Publicly, the factional leaders last week expressed optimism and pledged cooperation—at least through the activities scheduled for Nov. 13, 14 and 15. Yet privately, key participants conceded that a serious split had been narrowly averted and that basic disagreements remained unresolved.

The potential conflict is over how

tend to be older and in some cases more militant and more radical than the Moratorium leadership. Some of them helped organize the protests during the Democratic Convention in Chicago, and they met last summer in Cleveland to plan mass "Marches Against Death" for November in Washington and San Francisco. To many of those active in the "New Mobe," the war is just one of the reasons for protest. They prefer dramatic tactics and appeal particularly to big-city and campus leftists.

Sexy Washington. Those differences posed no real problem until the two groups began to wonder whether the Mobilization's November marches would conflict with the simultaneous two-day Moratorium demonstrations of Nov. 13 and 14. Moratorium leaders were not eager to dilute local activities by en-

Actually, each organization will concentrate almost exclusively on its own plans—and each has its hands full. "We don't want people to say we peaked in October," explains Verne Newton, a co-ordinator of the Viet Nam Moratorium Committee in New York. "Yet we almost achieved our capacity for mobilizing every possible person against the war then." He concedes that the Washington march, which seeks to rally 45,000 people who will walk single file from Arlington National Cemetery to the Capitol over a period of 36 hours, hearing the names of U.S. war dead and destroyed Vietnamese villages, will lure many demonstrators away from New York. Said Newton: "This is a movement of people and we must go where the people want to go—and right now Washington is sexier." Similar factional arguments over what kind of political spectrum the demonstrations should embrace have broken out in Massachusetts and California.

Peace movement leaders insist that their disagreements are not serious. "Many people prefer to act out their feelings on the war in large rallies," contends Boston's Jerome Grossman, one of the Moratorium's creators. "Others prefer to work on the gritty-gritty local activities. There is no rivalry, just a difference of function." Perhaps. But many leaders in both camps are worried that the November demonstration may be used as a stage for the wild and the ultraradical. In a lengthy mass march, a determined handful could start serious trouble. That could evoke a popular reaction against the entire peace movement.

THE KENNEDYS

Rehearsal for an Inquest

For all of Edward Kennedy's legal efforts to avoid what he fears would be a circus-style inquest into the death of Mary Jo Kopechne, a sort of rehearsal for an inquest was held last week in Pennsylvania's Luzerne County courthouse. Nearly 200 newsmen and spectators jammed into Judge Bernard Brominski's courtroom in Wilkes-Barre to hear arguments on whether Mary Jo's body should be exhumed from a nearby Larksville cemetery for an autopsy. While the proceeding showed that Kennedy's apprehension was well founded, it also indicated that the lack of a post-mortem has contributed to keeping the case alive and controversial.

Edmund Dinis, the Massachusetts district attorney in whose jurisdiction the death occurred last July, seemed determined to compensate—or even over-compensate—for his initial timidity in investigating the biggest case of his life. He allowed his assistant, Armand Fernandes, to hint in the course of cross-examination that Mary Jo might have died from a skull fracture or "manual strangulation" rather than drowning. Summoning such witnesses as Edgartown Police Chief Dominick Arena, Dinis adumbrated some of the testimony



STUDENT MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE LEADERS*
Midway between exhilaration and worry.

sharply the goals of the peace drive should be focused and how broad a following it should seek. The Viet Nam Moratorium Committee, which organized the Oct. 15 demonstrations, is led mainly by politically oriented moderates and liberals. Created quickly on the strength of a novel idea, it seeks the broadest possible enlistment of public opinion to persuade Congress and the President that U.S. involvement in the war must be ended promptly. Its emphasis is upon campus and community activity to get much of middle America personally involved.

This notion is regarded as too slow and too square by elements of the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Viet Nam, a loose federation comprising representatives of some 50 established groups long allied with peace efforts. They include such diverse organizations as the National Council of Churches, the Socialist Workers Party, the Communist Party of the U.S.A., the Student Mobilization Committee and the Urban Coalition. Its leaders

couraging demonstrators to go to Washington. They also feared that a chaotic Washington protest would taint the whole peace movement and drive moderates out.

A crisis developed when some of the New Mobe's most militant steering-committee members called a hurried meeting in Washington and voted to exclude businessmen and politicians from the speakers' platform for the Washington rally. Too many such men, they argued, had either profited from or approved war appropriations. When Moratorium leaders heard of the action, they met with some of Mobilization's less radical leaders and argued forcefully that such a move would alienate all the politicians and average citizens who had been recruited by M-day. They won the argument. Both groups held press conferences to announce that each supported the other's November plans.

* Lynn Gilson, Washington; Allen Myers, Madison, Wis.; Carol Lipman, Boston; Norman Goldstein, Silver Spring, Md.

he would presumably pursue if a formal inquest is held in Massachusetts.

Mary Jo's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kopechne, are fighting an autopsy, arguing that Dinis should prove that there is legitimate suspicion of foul play before exhuming their daughter's body. Dinis maintains that the suspicion already exists, raised by the delay before the death was reported and the apparent contradictions in Kennedy's public accounting of the episode. To underscore discrepancies regarding the exact time of the accident, Dinis played a tape recording of Kennedy's televised explanation of the event. Kennedy himself was in Europe last week for a meeting of the North Atlantic Assembly. Dinis summoned none of the others present at the Chappaquiddick party.

A central question was whether an autopsy would be of any medical value three months or more after the body was embalmed and buried. The Kopechnes' lawyers called Dr. Werner Spitz, deputy chief medical examiner for Maryland and an expert on drowning cases, who said that anatomical evidence of drowning would already have disappeared. Spitz argued that Mary Jo did in fact drown—but not immediately. A pinkish froth around the nose, he said, indicated that she "remained alive for a certain time" while the car was under water in Poucha Pond. "She breathed, that girl," Spitz said. "She wasn't dead instantaneously." Three other pathologists testified that even now an autopsy might yield explicit evidence on the cause of death.

Personal Defense. The original finding that drowning was the cause is vulnerable because of the examination's cursory nature. Dr. Donald R. Mills, the associate county medical examiner who signed Mary Jo's death certificate, admitted he inspected the body for only ten minutes. Fernandes argued that, regardless of whether an autopsy could prove drowning, Mills' examination did not determine if Mary Jo could have died of some other cause.

Last week's hearing could not avoid the bizarre touches that have marred the case from the beginning. Skindiver John Farrar, who recovered Mary Jo's body from the submerged car, turned up with a lawyer who promptly distributed full biographies of himself and his client to reporters. When Dr. Mills claimed that Dinis was to blame for not ordering an immediate autopsy after the accident, Dinis took the stand to testify that he had indeed wanted an autopsy. But, said he, by the time he had decided to order one the day after Mary Jo's death, he was informed that the body had been flown back to Pennsylvania. Actually, the body was still waiting in a plane at the Martha's Vineyard airport.

After the hearing—which ended with

* An editorial in the *British Medical Journal* last week also concluded that an autopsy would probably not be useful now, particularly in determining whether the girl drowned.



DINIS



THE KOPECHNES AT AUTOPSY HEARING



MILLS

Bizarro as before.

Judge Brominski reserving a decision—Dinis continued to defend himself. He questioned Dr. Mills' character and honesty, claiming "he's shirked his responsibility and tried to push it off onto us." Replying to the argument that he is acting out of personal ambition or malice toward the Kennedys, Dinis told TIME's Greg Wierzyński: "Politically, this is not good for me. It cannot do anyone any good to be involved. This is the home state of the Kennedys, and they are loved. How can anyone who is involved in prosecuting or investigating them come out with any advantage? A vendetta against the Kennedys? Ridiculous!" His fulminations aside, Dinis was following respectable legal procedure in seeking the autopsy—though he could have saved both Kennedy and the Kopechnes much grief by ordering the examination on the day of the death, while the body was still in his jurisdiction.

NEW YORK

A Trumanesque Comeback

Last February, New York Mayor John Lindsay trudged through the unplowed streets of snowbound Queens absorbing the taunts of angry householders. "Just try to get elected again!" yelled one woman. Trying to do just that, Lindsay last week returned to the same territory in a strange, triumphal procession. Surrounded by an honor guard of gargabemen aboard new snowplows, Lindsay soothed housewives with promises that they would never be snowbound again. The natives, while still skeptical, were nevertheless far friendlier than they had been last winter—and even friendlier than only a few weeks ago.

The incident was no isolated phenomenon, and illustrated what is shaping up as a comeback of Trumanesque proportions. Just two months ago, Lindsay's re-election chances were being written off as almost hopeless. Reviled in much of his own city, the target of a middle-class revolt that had anti-Negro undertones, rejected in the Republican Party primary, the ambitious, activist mayor seemed almost destined to lose. Waiting to restore Democratic rule was bumptious, volatile Comptroller Mario Procaccino, who proclaimed himself the champion of the "average man" (TIME cover, Oct. 3).

Big Bloc. By September, it was clear that Lindsay's free-spending, fully professional campaign was picking up speed. Few politicians were aware of just how much. Last week they were shocked when the respected New York *Daily News* poll showed Lindsay leading Procaccino by 47% to 31%, with 19% for Republican-Conservative John Marchi and 3% undecided. As everyone expected, Lindsay scored heavily among blacks, Puerto Ricans and well-educated, upper-income groups concentrated in Manhattan. The surprise was the mayor's strength in the populous outer boroughs, with their heavy

concentrations of middle-income whites.

The key factor in the impressive showing was the Jewish vote—of which Lindsay received 54%. From the beginning of the campaign, politicians have agreed that the outcome would hinge on Lindsay's ability to win back Jewish voters, who constitute the largest single bloc in the electorate. Jews were alienated by Lindsay's backing of a school-decentralization plan that led to last year's school strike and conflict between blacks and the predominantly Jewish teachers union. And, like other middle-class whites, they felt neglected by city hall. In a major fence-mending effort, Lindsay stepped up city services, particularly in the police and sanitation fields.

He visited synagogues and Jewish neighborhoods to reassure residents of his concern for their problems. Lindsay's lean, 6 ft., 3 in. frame, topped by the inevitable varmule, became a familiar sight in the outlying boroughs. The grand reception given to Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir led to the appellation "Meir" Lindsay.

Linoleum. Perhaps the biggest factor working for Lindsay is Proaccino's failure to rally either the Democrats or the Independents. The most conservative of five primary candidates, he won the Democratic nomination with only a third of the vote, and has had difficulty expanding that base. Many prominent Democrats are actively supporting Lindsay. In the *News* poll, Lindsay captured a bigger slice of the Democrats, 44%, than Proaccino, who got 37%. Proaccino's personality also worked against him. The contrast between Lindsay's Ivy League polish and Proaccino's almost deliberate coarseness began to chafe in a city that has a certain affection for sophistication. One joke making the rounds of parties has Proaccino so confident of victory that he has al-

ready ordered the linoleum for the floors of Gracie Mansion, the mayor's elegant residence.

The race, however, is not over yet. Lindsay headquarters is worried that the *News* poll will encourage Marchi backers to desert a lost cause and swing heavily to Proaccino. Further, Lindsay's strong showing among Negroes in the sampling may not be translated proportionately into ballots next week because of intensive efforts by black radicals to effect a Negro boycott of all three candidates. But in the campaign's last days, it is the challenger, not the mayor, who must struggle to catch up.

DRUGS

Speed Demons

Psychologically more destructive than heroin—and now more available than marijuana—amphetamines are in many ways the most treacherous of all abused drugs. Despite the threat they pose, a recent survey by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs revealed that 92% of the speed and pep pills in illicit traffic were manufactured by legitimate U.S. drug firms.

At hearings in San Francisco last week, the House Select Committee to Investigate Crime began to probe the route of amphetamines from manufacturers to the streets. There emerged a frightening pattern of ineffective federal regulation, corporate negligence and complicity on the part of some drug firms that profit from the illegal trade.

Cranked Out. An estimated 11 billion amphetamine pills are produced each year in the U.S. Federal officials estimate that no more than half this production is routinely dispensed by medical prescription. Much of the remainder is diverted to criminal channels by loss, theft and misdirected shipments. Said

Committee Chairman Claude Pepper: "It is alarming that more than half of the stimulant and depressant drugs are articles of illicit drug traffic."

Pill City. Some drug companies make little effort to verify the legitimacy of customers who order amphetamines. As a test, Government investigators set up a fictitious company in the Midwest and received without question nearly every drug ordered from manufacturers. Michael Sonnenreich, deputy counsel of the Bureau of Dangerous Drugs, said that firms do not deliberately promote illicit traffic, but "there are so many loopholes in the existing drug abuse laws. Companies crank out enormous volumes of drugs, and they sell them to anybody who appears to be legitimate."

A congressional investigator charged that 60% of the amphetamine pills exported to Mexico return to the U.S. via illegal channels. The movement of American amphetamines through Tijuana has prompted Mexican customs officials to call it "pill city." Donald Rice, a former large-scale drug distributor, told the committee of the ease with which large quantities of amphetamines could be purchased in Mexico and smuggled back into the U.S. Rice admitted making \$60,000 a year in amphetamines and said that he could not see "how U.S. manufacturers can send large amounts to small drugstores without knowing that illegitimate business is involved." Another retired speed entrepreneur testified that he easily obtained the ingredients for making amphetamines from wholesale chemical companies.

Committee Chairman Pepper plans to press for legislation to limit exports and imports, to restrict sales of amphetamine ingredients, and to regulate the sale of drug-making machinery. The committee will ask for limitation of drug production, based on medical need, and will suggest a ban on a variety of amphetamines, the dangers of which outweigh their legitimate uses. If Pepper succeeds, there will perhaps be no further shipments like the one by a U.S. company to a nonexistent street number that turned out to be the eleventh hole of a Mexican golf course. There Mexican smugglers picked up the goods for sale north of the border.

THE CONGRESS

The Speaker's Family

House Speaker John McCormack is known for his almost puritanical probity. He lives simply, drives a 14-year-old car, has amassed few worldly goods. Thus he sounds in character when he professes ignorance about the influence peddling that has emanated from his Capitol Hill office for years. What plagues McCormack—and threatens his winning another term as Speaker—is that the serial revelations about Martin Sweig, McCormack's now suspended aide, and Nathan Voloshen, the Speaker's longtime friend, make it increasingly



LINDSAY & HASIDIC RABBIS
Considerably warmer than last winter.



Next time somebody
tells you they have
an amazing, new
waterproof watch...
tell them about
the crushed Oyster.

We dropped a standard Rolex Oyster case (the Explorer, guaranteed down to 330 feet) into a pressure tank.

Then we took the pressure down to 1,000 feet to see what happened.

Nothing happened.

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And at 1,900 feet the back showed signs of bending.

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incredible that McCormack could have overlooked their activities.

McCormack has attempted to pass Voloshen off as simply a personal friend with no special access to the Speaker's official or political world. Investigations by the Justice Department, the FBI, federal grand juries in New York and Baltimore and journalists have found dozens of conspiracies involving Voloshen, including attempts to get favors for convicted mobsters, to profiteer in land schemes, to get Congressmen and executive agencies to do favors for Voloshen's clients. Investigating Voloshen's activities and his association with McCormack, *TIME* Correspondent Sandy Smith last week reported:

► Voloshen has been close to McCormack for at least 24 years. Last week McCormack said that he had been introduced to Voloshen by an unremembered Congressman "some years ago, more than ten years ago, maybe more than that." Sweig has said privately: "Voloshen was here when I came in"—and that was in 1945. An even closer associate of McCormack's recalls that "the Speaker looked upon Nat Voloshen as his friend and as a member of his family—his political family."

► A real member of Speaker McCormack's family is Nephew Edward McCormack. The Speaker regards Edward almost as his own son and surely as a protégé. In 1966, Voloshen brokered political and financial labor union support for Edward McCormack's unsuccessful campaign for Governor of Massachusetts.

► In 1963, Voloshen joined forces with Bobby Baker, then secretary to the Senate Democratic majority, who was later convicted of theft, conspiracy and tax evasion. Their scheme was to buy the Bank of Miami Beach. Baker promised to swing deposits of Government funds into the bank, and Labor Racketeer Jack McCarthy agreed to pour union money into the vaults. Voloshen was to put together a syndicate to buy the bank. The deal collapsed when Voloshen was unable to meet his part of the bargain.

► According to Herbert Itkin, an FBI informant, Voloshen worked both for and against the Haitian government of François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier. In 1963, Voloshen offered to persuade Congressmen to speak against continuance of U.S. aid to Haiti, for a fee of \$5,000 per legislator. A year later, for a retainer from the Haitian government, Voloshen said he would invoke his influence to speed \$4,500,000 in U.S.

funds to build a Haitian airport. Itkin reported the scheme to U.S. officials, and the funds were immediately frozen, depriving Voloshen of his fee.

► On one occasion in 1964, Voloshen was angered by the reluctance of Teamster racketeers to release money to be used for kickbacks on three loans from the union's pension fund. He dispatched an aide of a former New England Senator to demand the payment at the Union's Washington headquarters. The money—\$25,000—was paid.

For his part, Voloshen pleads that he is not guilty of any impropriety. In an interview with Smith, he said: "People hired me because of my ability to present their cases [to Government offi-



NATHAN VOLOSHEN
A bit too modest.

cials], and my perseverance. I have done nothing wrong. In 35 years in Washington, I never gave anyone a \$2 bill." Voloshen conceded that "people" in Washington intervened with Government officials to provide him access. "That's done every day," he said. "Of course, I received money for doing that. That's how I make my living."

Asked about the extent of his influence, Voloshen held up his hand with the tips of his thumb and forefinger pressed together to form a zero. He is too modest. In 1961, for instance, Voloshen fastened himself onto a federal payroll as a "labor consultant" to Adam Clayton Powell, who was chairman of the House Education and Labor Com-

mittee. Robert Kennedy, then Attorney General, took the unusual step of exerting pressure which cost Voloshen his job. The incident was kept quiet, but it would be curious if McCormack, the most powerful man in the House, could have remained unaware of his friend's reputation. Yet the Speaker continued to lunch with Voloshen frequently.

Cash Payment. Though there is no evidence that McCormack accepted any money in Voloshen's deals, the Speaker is alleged to have at least helped out once. *LIFE* Magazine this week reports that Russell G. Oswald, chairman of the New York State board of parole, received a telephone call on behalf of Edward M. Gilbert, a convicted corporate swindler who had paid Voloshen \$75,000 for assistance. It is well known in Washington that both Voloshen and Sweig were able to imitate McCormack's voice, a fact of which McCormack was vaguely aware. On one occasion, McCormack recalled, he had a call from a general who referred to an earlier call from the Speaker. "He thought he had spoken to me," said McCormack. He had not. McCormack cautioned Sweig to identify himself correctly on the telephone. In the Gilbert case, *LIFE* charges, it was the Speaker himself who made the call to recommend an early parole for the embezzler. McCormack denied making any such call, or even knowing who Gilbert was.

LIFE also asserts that McCormack knew as far back as midsummer that two federal grand juries were investigating Voloshen's affairs. As a result, says *LIFE*, McCormack held a series of urgent conferences with Sweig and Voloshen. Yet Sweig was not suspended until two weeks ago. Both Sweig and Voloshen had supplies of the Speaker's official stationery—blank except for McCormack's letterhead and his purported signature. So open was Voloshen's use of the Speaker's suite that in 1965 Voloshen accepted a \$5,000 payment in cash to help fix a tax-fraud case while sitting in the Speaker's chair.

Last week McCormack denied any implication of complicity. He also asserted that last month he told Voloshen not to come around any more. Still stunned by Sweig's maneuverings, McCormack said: "It could happen to anyone. You don't know who is using your name until you run across it."

Already tainted by his unfortunate connection, John McCormack may have to face further allegations in the weeks to come. He insists, at 77, that he will run for his 23rd House term next year and stand once more for the Speakership. His House seat is probably safe as long as he wants it. But even before the Voloshen scandal, younger Democrats were growing restless under McCormack's weak leadership. He could well be deposited in 1971. For now, however, the House is maintaining a respectful silence. Even the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct has no plans to intervene.



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THE WORLD

LEBANON: ARMY AGAINST GUERRILLAS

THE Palestinian guerrillas who are sworn to destroy Israel seem to stand a far better chance of destroying some of the Arab countries that serve as their springboards of operation. Lebanon and Jordan, in particular, know that raids mounted from within their borders will bring harsh Israeli retaliation, but have proved too weak to crack down on their often uninvited guests. Last week an attempt by Lebanon's army to curb the fedayeen ("men of sacrifice") brought the country face-to-face with the specter of civil war. The fighting reportedly left 40 guerrillas and 25 soldiers dead, spurred violence in several major cities, prompted Syria to mobilize troops along the border and sent shock waves through the Middle East—and beyond. In the U.S., the State Department warned that a "major tragedy" could be in the making.

The crisis is rooted in Lebanon's volatile ethnic makeup. Roughly half of its 2,700,000 citizens are Christian, half Moslem. The Lebanese, jealous of their position as the eastern Mediterranean's pacemakers in commerce and communications, have kept the ethnic conglomerate intact for 26 years by means of a scrupulously observed gentlemen's agreement. It provides that the President of the republic—currently Charles Helou—should always be a Maronite Catholic, the Premier a Sunni Moslem, and the Speaker of Parliament a Shia Moslem. Parliament is apportioned on a 6-to-5 ratio favoring Christians, as are the army and the civil service. From time to time, the system has come close to collapse. Until last week, its severest test occurred in 1958, when strife between the sects led President Eisenhower to dispatch the U.S. Sixth Fleet and 14,500 Marines to prevent an Arab takeover.

Crack Down. Whether the Lebanese or the Al-Fatah guerrillas provoked the fighting is unclear. Certainly, the army has long been edgy. Last December, in retaliation for guerrilla actions elsewhere, Israeli commandos carried out a raid on Beirut airport. Lebanon's generals, humiliated that the nation lost 13 commercial airplanes without being able to strike back, were chafing to crack down on the guerrillas, who were moving across the countryside pretty much at will.

Al-Fatah has also been spoiling for a fight for months. Last spring, army attempts to control the commandos led to street demonstrations in which 17 died. The riots caused the downfall of the government of Rashid Karami, who resigned to avoid a confrontation that would hurt Lebanon, but stayed on as caretaker Premier. After the riots, the

guerrillas tacitly agreed to operate only along Lebanon's border with Israel and to keep away from civilian settlements against which the Israelis could retaliate. Despite the agreement, they have tripled their forces to about 5,400 men and set up new camps deeper inside Lebanese territory. Two weeks ago, apparently without bothering to check with Helou or Karami, the army moved. Arguing that the fedayeen were endangering civilian communities, troops encircled two score guerrillas in the village of Majdel Selm in southern Lebanon. Before the guerrillas could retreat into neighboring Syria, 14 were slain.

Six days later, Al-Fatah avenged what its radio station called "a brutal massacre." Striking across the Syrian border in a maneuver that could not have been conducted without approval from the far-left regime in Damascus, commandos hit the Lebanese border towns of Masnaa, Arida and Biqueiha. Overpowering police and customs posts, the guerrillas took 24 captives. They were later set free, but only after Al-Fatah bragged that their capture was "full evidence of the revolution's ability to take any measures it considers appropriate for self-defense." Al-Fatah, in other words, would move when and where in Lebanon it pleased.

The events produced internal and external crises for Lebanon. Karami resigned as caretaker Premier. Arab leaders called a general strike, and some of the 160,000 Palestinian refugees living in Lebanon fought pitched battles with police in Beirut. In Tripoli, Lebanon's second city, street battles killed seven and injured scores. Helou was forced to declare a nationwide curfew to prevent further disorders.

Border Troubles. Helou also telephoned Syria's head of state, Noured-dine Atassi, to protest Damascus' support of the guerrilla raids. Atassi had closed the Syrian-Lebanese border, stranding more than 500 trucks along the 68-mile Beirut-Damascus highway, one of the Middle East's busiest trade routes. Ignoring Helou's protests, Syria—or the fedayeen—moved riflemen, armored cars and mortars to the Lebanese frontier. At week's end some troops were reported to have crossed the border and occupied a village four miles inside Lebanon. The Syrians have traditionally been better at rattling sabers than using them, however, and nobody expected a full-fledged invasion to follow.

Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser expressed "dismay" that "Arab bullets



LEBANESE SOLDIERS FIGHTING SNIPERS IN TRIPOLI
Arab blood shed by Arab hands.

were directed to the wrong target, whatever the reason." Reportedly on instructions from Premier Golda Meir, Israeli officials said nothing. Only Deputy Premier Yigal Allon broke the silence to warn that Israel would not sit on its hands if the status quo were disturbed.

The U.S. also came under fire, mostly because the State Department had recently expressed its concern over "any threat to Lebanese integrity from any source." South Yemen broke off diplomatic relations with the U.S. Washington said that it planned to take no retaliatory action. Jordan's King Hussein, who has toiled with the idea of curbing the guerrillas himself, tried to steer a middle course. He sent no protest to Helou, but told Al-Fatah Leader Yasser Arafat: "It is a shame that a single drop of Arab blood be shed by an Arab hand." In Baghdad, 250,000 Iraqis demonstrated against Lebanon, as did mobs in Libya.

If Helou's government is to remain in power, it will probably have to back down and give even freer rein to the guerrillas. The President indicated as much with a message to Arafat, carefully promising that "Lebanon is ready to continue to support the Palestinian struggle within the limits of its ability." Such a move, however, would invite even more severe Israeli reprisals. Should the government fall, two main possibilities exist: 1) An army-backed takeover if Helou decided to resign or if the generals decided that he could no longer keep order, or 2) a left-wing, Nasserite regime that would abandon Lebanon's live-and-let-live approach to Israel and intensify fighting along the borders. Whether Israel would tolerate such a development without invading Lebanon is doubtful.

Whatever the outcome, it is plain that the faint hopes for peace in the Middle East were dimmer than ever.



EX-PREMIER KARAMI
Tragedy in the making.

OPEN HOUSE ON THE RHINE

It was a scene reminiscent of 1829, when Andrew Jackson's mud-booted backwoods supporters swarmed into the White House for Old Hickory's Inaugural Day reception. Celebrating his election last week as West Germany's first postwar Socialist Chancellor, Willy Brandt invited all comers to his official villa on Bonn's exclusive Venusberg, overlooking the Rhine.

Brandt and his flaxen-haired Norwegian wife Rut were at the door to greet the crowd. More than 500 ordinary Germans, who normally would have been held back by police lines, trooped into the splendidly furnished 14-room residence. Still at first, they gawked at the Gohelin tapestry on the wall and perched awkwardly on the edge of burgundy settees and easy chairs. But the uneasiness quickly wore off. Soon workmen in open shirts, long-haired youths and nurses from a nearby hospital were helping themselves to cigarettes, guzzling beer and surveying the place as if they owned it.

Loyal and Uncomfortable. It was a fitting if highly unorthodox way for the new Chancellor to commemorate his victory. For a while, there had been some doubt whether there would be a Brandt government at all. After last month's national elections, Brandt made a daring grab for power (TIME Cover, Oct. 10). Neither his Social Democrats nor the conservative Christian Democratic Union, partners for nearly three years in a Grand Coalition, had won an outright majority. Outmaneuvering the Christian Democrats, who won 242 seats in the 496-seat Bundestag to the Socialists' 224, Brandt formed an alliance with the tiny Free Democrats, whose 30 seats represented the balance of power. The question was, would the schizophrenic Free Democrats, split into left and right wings, remain sufficiently united to vote Brandt into office?

Taking no chances on anyone's missing last week's crucial balloting, whips for the Socialists and Free Democrats summoned their delegates to Bonn a day early. The precaution worked. As the Bundestag convened for the *Kanzlerwahl* (Chancellor's election), each Socialist and Free Democrat was in his place. While the votes were being tabulated, Brandt resorted to his favorite method of relieving tension: he snapped wooden matchsticks, going through an entire box in 20 minutes. Then came the announcement: 251 votes for Brandt, two over the required absolute majority; 235 votes against him; five abstentions, presumably including three by recalcitrant Free Democrats; and four ballots rendered invalid with markings like "poor Germany" and "nonsense."

Thus, 91 years to the day after Bismarck banned the Socialists from Imperial Germany and 39 years since the party last headed a government, a Socialist candidate was chosen to lead



BRANDT AFTER ELECTION
Adolf was the ultimate loser.

West Germany. Political Strategist Herbert Wehner, the fierce ex-Communist who masterminded the transformation of the Socialists from a blue-collar movement into a more broadly based party, rushed to embrace Brandt. Their dream finally realized, Brandt openly wept. "I am satisfied, grateful for the confidence and a little proud," he said a few moments later. Then the new Chancellor, who spent the Nazi years in Scandinavian exile, added: "Hitler has definitively lost."

The Christian Democrats, turned out of office for the first time since the founding of the Federal Republic in 1949, proved poor losers. To a man, the 242 C.D.U. legislators refused to applaud Brandt. Franz Josef Strauss, boss of the party's powerful Bavarian branch, refused to shake hands with Brandt. Outgoing Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger congratulated Brandt, but moments later he observed to newsmen: "We will see how long it lasts."

Positive No-Confidence. Under an ordinary parliamentary system, Brandt's narrow majority might prove short-lived indeed. In West Germany, however, it is not easy to topple a government. Mindful of the ease with which regimes fell during the Weimar Republic (21 in 14 years), the framers of West Germany's postwar constitution fashioned a device known as the "positive vote of no-confidence." It provides that a government can be dismissed only if the Bundestag simultaneously votes a new Chancellor into power. Says Brandt: "I can see no question on which this coalition could come apart in the next four years."

One reason for Brandt's confidence is that Wehner, a tough disciplinarian, has taken over the parliamentary leadership of the Socialists. He replaces Hel-



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mut Schmidt, who moved to the Defense Ministry in Brandt's new Cabinet, which has been streamlined from 19 to 14 portfolios. Karl Schiller, the erudite professor who has emerged as West Germany's most popular political figure, remains in the Economic Ministry; his first major act was to order an upward revaluation of the strong German mark, increasing its price from 25¢ to 27.3¢ (see BUSINESS). In a significant shift, former Justice Minister Horst Ehmke, 42, was appointed to the newly created post of Minister in the Chancellery. Serving as No. 2 man to the Chancellor, the former law professor thus becomes heir apparent to Brandt in the party lineup. As a reward for their support, the Free Democrats received three Cabinet posts. Brandt's old portfolio at the foreign ministry went to Walter Scheel, the Free Democrats' leader (see box).

Close to Home. Brandt's top priority is domestic. He hopes to achieve a more even distribution of the benefits that flow from Germany's continuing economic miracle. One reform is likely to take place in Germany's universities, where he would like to make more room for students from working-class backgrounds (only 10% of the student population at present). Other reforms include higher tax and social security payments for the rich with tax cuts for the low-wage earners.

Brandt's second priority is working for Western European unity. He will press for British entry into the Common Market even if it means offending

the French. His third priority concerns West Germany's relations with the East. Though firmly committed to the West, Brandt is prepared to grant a measure of recognition to East Germany in return for closer contacts. He is also prepared to renounce claims to former German territories in Poland if the Communists will agree to a general accommodation that would reduce political tensions in Europe.

So far, the response has been remarkably positive. In an unusually long and cordial congratulatory telegram to Brandt, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin expressed hope for "an improvement in the relations between the Federal Republic and the Soviet Union." The East German press has also struck a more conciliatory tone. As Brandt himself is fully aware, there is always the danger that the Communists might be playing on Western hopes for peace, and will later pull back from negotiations for better relations with West Germany. For his part, Brandt must move cautiously in order to avoid charges in West Germany that he is too eager to make concessions to the Communists.

Whatever the upshot of Brandt's initiative to the East, it does signify a willingness to experiment that has been lacking in recent Bonn Governments. In a sense, his open house for the people of Bonn symbolizes the same mood. Unburdened by a questionable past and refreshingly free of stuffiness, West Germany's new government is likely to be very much open to change.

SOVIET UNION

The Submarine Conspiracy

How widespread is dissent in the Soviet Union? Perhaps the only people who know are officials of the KGB (secret police), whose job is to crush it. Only occasionally does an open act of defiance occur, such as last year's small protest in Red Square against the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Last week news of an especially intriguing act of dissidence came to light.

According to the report, three naval officers, who served aboard a nuclear submarine, were arrested last June in Tallin in the Soviet Republic of Estonia. The men—a senior officer named Gavrilov, a lieutenant named Ponomarev and an unidentified officer—drew up a 26-page document advocating radical changes in Soviet policy. They were arrested after a page of the text was discovered on a mimeograph machine in one of the officers' homes.

Suspicious Nature. The appeal is patterned on an essay written by Soviet Physicist Andrei Sakharov and smuggled to a publisher in the West last year. Sakharov called for increased freedom of thought in Russia and a deliberate convergence of the U.S. and Soviet systems. The Tallin Three go even farther. While openly praising the West, they condemn Communism for its low standard of living and call upon the people to rise against the regime. The document ends with the words: "Fight for your political rights! Don't

Jester in Striped Pants

THOUGH they may disagree with his policies, foreign diplomats will find it difficult to dislike West Germany's new Foreign Minister. Affable and engaging, Walter Scheel, who is also the leader of the Free Democratic Party, has the relaxed manner and quick wit of a Rhinelander. An adept mime, he delights in performing creditable imitations of other West German politicians. He loves to tell jokes, often making himself the butt.

At a recent hall in West Berlin, for example, he showed up wearing a hand-lettered sign on his lapel that read in English: "Kiss me, I'm a Liberal."

For all his clowning, Scheel (pronounced *shale*) is tough and talented. "I am not a special friend of pretension," he said at his swearing-in ceremony last week. Like Brandt, he is truly a self-made man. The son of a wheelwright from the knives-and-scissors town of Solingen, he did not continue his education beyond high school.

After wartime service as a Luftwaffe fighter pilot (four allied planes bagged and two Iron Crosses), he worked as a superintendent in a small steel mill. He was elected in 1953 to the Bundestag and served for five years (1961-66) as West Germany's Minister for Economic Cooperation, a post that gave him a solid grounding in international affairs. Two years ago, Scheel won control from the con-

servative faction of the Free Democrats and engineered a radical shift in party policy—from right of the Christian Democrats to left of the Socialists on a number of issues. In foreign affairs, Scheel and Brandt agree on all fundamental points, including the need to retain West Germany's strong commitment to the West while seeking better relations with the East. Though political infighting provides

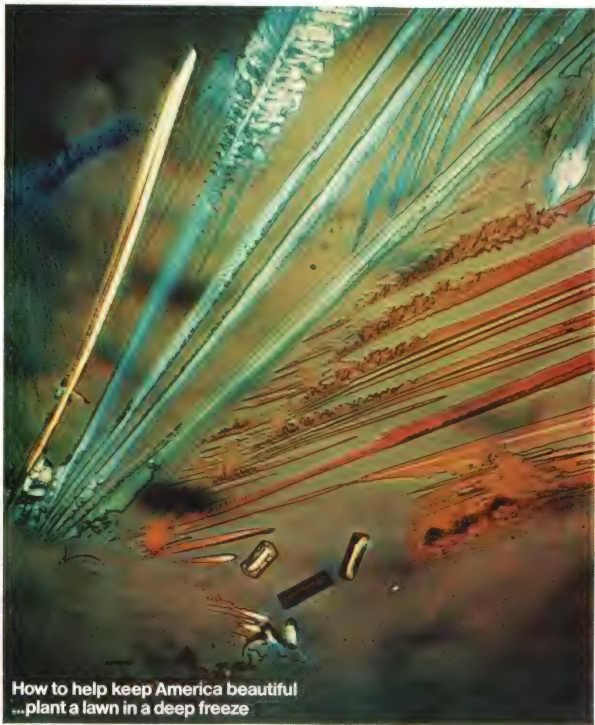
TOP PHOTO—BLACK STAR



SHEEL DURING CAMPAIGN

one of the few diversions in the otherwise small-town atmosphere of Bonn, Scheel has scrupulously refused to be a participant. As a result, he has almost no serious political enemies. "I do not take part in back-stabbing," he says. "Those who wield the knives usually end up sticking themselves."

A 50-year-old widower with a grown son, Scheel in July married an attractive Munich physician who will be a welcome addition to Bonn's diplomatic whirl. For the easygoing Scheel, however, his new eminence imposes a few regrettable strictures. Not the least of them is that he can no longer wear loud sports jackets or whiz about Bonn in his zippy BMW 2500 sedan ("the businessman's sports car"). Even a foe of pretension must allow himself to be chauffeured in a stately black Mercedes if he also happens to be West Germany's Foreign Minister.



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be slaves without a conscience! Democrats of the U.S.S.R., unite, fight, win!"

Western experts in Moscow cannot remember ever having seen such an inflammatory document. Most protests in the Soviet Union carefully stress the need for reform within the Communist system. Furthermore, unlike other appeals that have borne the signatures of individuals, the Tallin document is signed by an organization that calls itself the Democrats of the Russian Federation, the Ukraine and Baltic Republics. The unusual nature of the document has, in fact, caused some suspicion that it may have been written by an anti-Communist group in Western Europe and then seized upon by the KGB as a pretext for cracking down on dissident elements. According to one account, the KGB has used the appeal to justify sweeping investigations not only in Tallin, but also in other places, including Leningrad, the Azerbaijan city of Baku and the Siberian industrial center of Khabarovsk.

Even if the document is a fabrication, the scope of the investigation that it prompted suggests that the KGB is deeply worried about political dissent. If it is genuine—and it may well be—it would indicate a startling depth of protest, reaching even into the ranks of Russia's most elite naval force.

PORTUGAL

Shades of Salazar

Though the 36-year rule of Portugal's António de Oliveira Salazar ended last year, the old man is not yet aware of it. Still immobilized after a stroke and a coma 13 months ago, Salazar calls Cabinet meetings, and his old ministers faithfully attend—even though some of them are no longer in the Cabinet. No one has found the courage to tell the 80-year-old dictator that he has been replaced.

At times, in fact, it seems that he has not. This week voters in Europe's poorest and most calcified country went to the polls in what Salazar's successor, Premier Marcello Caetano, 63, billed as a "free election." Despite some liberalization of Portugal's election laws, the outcome was a foregone conclusion. Though a few opposition candidates had a chance of winning places in the National Assembly for the first time, it was inconceivable that Salazar's old National Union would lose more than half a dozen of its 130 Assembly seats, if that many. "The only trouble with the opposition is that it wants to take over the government," complained one party stalwart at a National Union rally last week. "That will never be permitted."

Guaranteed Defeat. Even under Salazar, "elections" of sorts were held regularly, and why not? The only time anyone ever piled up a sizable opposition vote was in 1958, when flamboyant General Humberto Delgado ran on the slogan: "I know this regime is rotten because I was once a part of it." Del-

gado won 23% of the vote. This year's chief opposition leader is Lawyer Mario Soares, 44, a thoughtful Socialist politician who went to jail twelve times under Salazar. Soon after Caetano became Premier, he brought Soares back from remote São Tomé island, where Salazar exiled him in 1968.

Though the regime eased censorship and extended the vote to women, all the cards were stacked in favor of the National Union. Allowed to operate only during a month-long official campaign period, the opposition barely had time to get organized. Only the National Union could take advantage of radio and newspaper ads; no one could use TV except Caetano. Rallies were al-



CAETANO CAMPAIGNING
All the cards were stacked.

lowed only indoors, and they were watched by political police.

The opposition was mathematically doomed anyway. In Portugal, political parties must mail out their own ballots. The eligible voters were named on the official registration lists, but non-government candidates were not allowed to see the lists long enough to record all the names on them. In the Lisbon election district, Soares' group managed to send ballots to only half of the 350,000 voters—thus guaranteeing defeat. What is more, opposition ballots were printed on nearly transparent paper that was clearly different from the heavier-stock used by the National Union, thus making the "secret ballot" a mockery.

Nevertheless, the campaign was quite a change for Portugal. In selecting National Union candidates, Caetano lowered his slate's average age from 57 to 48. He promised the people better housing, schools and social security.

Soares stumped the countryside, often to the wonder of the peasants. When a Soares "cavalcade" roared through a

village, some people locked their doors; others thought it was a wedding procession, and one woman, asked if she were a voter, replied: "I think so. What is a voter?" In the cities, audiences cheered as he scoured the "fascists" and demanded "the end of the oppression of the political police."

Obstacle to Progress. The true character of the Caetano regime may become clearer next year, when the new National Assembly will be empowered to rewrite the constitution. Caetano's tough talk seems to indicate that there will be no great changes in the authoritarian *Estado Novo* that Salazar patterned after Mussolini's Italy, though no country in Europe is more in need of change. Government travel posters coyly claim that Portugal is Europe's best kept secret—quaint, unspoiled and cheap. Sometimes, however, it seems as if Europe is Portugal's best-kept secret. The Continent's prosperity has bypassed the country, whose 9,500,000 people have a 38% illiteracy rate and an annual per capita income of only \$490 (Spain's: \$830). Two-fifths of Portugal's 13,387 towns lack electricity, and three-fourths have no running water. The future is so bleak that more than 1,000,000 Portuguese have emigrated to jobs north of the Pyrenees.

Some National Union members are demanding sweeping reforms. Right now, however, most of the muscle belongs to the archconservatives, who still control much of the economy—and the army. These "ultras" are dead set against change, particularly in the country's archaic colonial policy. Lisbon's unwinnable eight-year war against African nationalists in Mozambique, Angola and Guinea ties up 130,000 troops and 40% of the national budget. It is thus one of the chief obstacles to progress.

When Caetano suggested during the campaign that the costly colonial policy should be an issue, the ultras were outraged. "The army is vigilant," Portugal's Chief of Staff warned ominously, Américo Thomaz, a retired admiral who serves as the figurehead President, snapped that the colonies were "to be defended, not discussed." Sometimes it seems as if old Salazar is still running the place after all.

THE AIR

Piracy Above, Politics Below

As the Polish L01 airliner approached East Berlin on a flight out of Warsaw, two young East Germans walked into the crew cabin. One of them clubbed the flight engineer with his gun butt. The other pressed his revolver against Pilot Ryszard Dąbrowski's neck and told him to head for West Berlin. Two Soviet MiGs screamed up alongside the H-buzzing-18 turboprop, but not even their buzzing could dissuade the hijackers. When the plane landed at Tegel Airport in the French sector of West Berlin, they turned over passports and guns (which handed out to be unloaded)

The horse is better than most 1970 cars.

We are not joking. The run-of-the-mill 1970 car is an affront to progress.

It's too expensive to buy. And too expensive to run. It's almost impossible to park, and maneuvering it through city traffic would try the nerves of a saint.

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Since it gets 35 miles to the gallon, it is cheap to run.

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And since it is maneu-




verable, it is easy to park.

And since it costs \$1,725*, it is easy to buy.

And it is also more comfortable than the horse.



RENAULT 

and announced: "We are asking for asylum."

Thus did one of the less attractive customs of the West come to the Communist world for the first time since 1956, when a Hungarian airliner was seized and diverted to West Germany. In another episode, a gun-waving 17-year-old from Detroit forced the crew of a Mexico City to Miami Pan American jetliner to fly to Havana. The two hijackings brought to 56 the total reported this year (47 to Havana alone). They also proved once again that no airliner anywhere is immune.

Issue of Asylum. Extradition and punishment of hijackers could discourage the practice, but as the LOT incident showed, piracy in the air is encouraged by politicking on the ground. Poland demanded that the two East Germans be sent to Warsaw for prosecution. But French occupation officials in West Berlin, on instructions from Paris, granted them asylum. The hijackers were not exactly home free. France announced plans to try them in its military-mission court in Berlin on as yet unspecified charges. The compromise will not please those who argue that, as President Nixon told the U.S. last month, "sky piracy cannot be ended as long as the pirates receive asylum." While most nations have stiff anti-hijacking statutes for their own citizens (U.S. law provides a maximum penalty of death), there is no international law on the subject. Nor is there yet much sentiment outside the U.S. for modifying the right of political asylum to dissuade hijackers.

Next month 116 nations will begin observing the International Civil Aviation Organization's Tokyo Convention, which provides for prompt return of hijacked planes and passengers—but not the hijackers. The ICAO has drafted a treaty that would make prosecution or extradition of hijackers mandatory, but its chances for approval are poor.

THE MASSACRE OF HUÉ

AT first the men did not dare step into the stream," one of the searchers recalled. "But the sun was going down and we finally entered the water, praying to the dead to pardon us." The men who were probing the shallow creek in a gorge south of Hué prayed for pardon because the dead had lain unburied for 19 months; according to Vietnamese belief, their souls are condemned to wander the earth as a result. In the creek, the search team found what it had been looking for—some 250 skulls and piles of bones. "The eyeholes were deep and black, and the water flowed over the ribs," said an American who was at the scene.

The gruesome discovery late last month brought to some 2,300 the number of bodies of South Vietnamese men, women and children unearthed around Hué. All were executed by the Communists at the time of the savage 25-day battle for the city, during the Tet offensive of 1968. The dead in the creek in Nam Hoa district belonged to a group of 398 men from the Hué suburb of Phu Cam. On the fifth day of the battle, Communist soldiers appeared at Phu Cam cathedral, where the men had sought refuge with their families, and marched them off. The soldiers said that the men would be indoctrinated and then allowed to return, but their families never heard of them again. At the foot of the Nam Hoa mountains, ten miles from the cathedral, the captives were shot or bludgeoned to death.

Shallow Graves. When the battle for Hué ended Feb. 24, 1968, some 3,500 civilians were missing. A number had obviously died in the fighting and lay buried under the rubble. But as residents and government troops began to clean up, they came across a series of shallow mass graves just east of the Cit-

adel, the walled city that shelters Hué's old imperial palace. About 150 corpses were exhumed from the first mass grave, many tied together with wire and bamboo strips. Some had been shot, others had apparently been buried alive. Most had been either government officials or employees of the Americans, picked up during a door-to-door hunt by Viet Cong cadres who carried detailed blacklists. Similar graves were found inside the city and to the southwest, near the tombs where Viet Nam's emperors lie buried. Among those dug out were the bodies of three German doctors who had worked at the University of Hué.

Search Operation. Throughout that first post-Tet year, there were persistent rumors that something terrible had happened on the sand flats southeast of the city. Last March, a farmer stumbled on a piece of wire; when he tugged at it, a skeletal hand rose from the dirt. The government immediately launched a search operation. "There were certain stretches of land where the grass grew abnormally long and green," TIME Correspondent William Marmon reported last week from Hué. "Beneath this ominously healthy flora were mass graves, 20 to 40 bodies to a grave. As the magnitude of the finds became apparent, business came to a halt and scores flocked out to Phu Thu to look for long-missing relatives, sifting through the remains of clothes, shoes and personal effects. 'They seemed to be hoping they would find someone and at the same time hoping they wouldn't,' said an American official." Eventually, about 24 sites were unearthed and the remains of 809 bodies were found.

The discovery at the creek in Nam Hoa district did not come until last month—after a tip from three Communist soldiers who had defected to



SKULLS & BONES OF PHU CAM VICTIMS

And the grass grew abnormally long and green.



YOUNG MOURNERS

the government. The creek and its grisly secret were hidden under such heavy jungle canopy that landing zones had to be blasted out before helicopters could fly in with the search team. For three weeks, the remains were arranged on long shelves at a nearby school, and hundreds of Huế citizens came to identify their missing relatives. "They had no reason to kill these people," said Mrs. Le Thi Bich Phe, who lost her husband.

Negligible Propaganda. What triggered the Communist slaughter? Many Huế citizens believe that the execution orders came directly from Ho Chi Minh. More likely, however, the Communists simply lost their nerve. They had been led to expect that many South Vietnamese would rally to their cause during the Tet onslaught. That did not happen, and when the battle for Huế began turning in the allies' favor, the Communists apparently panicked and killed off their prisoners.

The Saigon government, which claims that the Communists have killed 25,000 civilians since 1957 and abducted another 46,000, has made negligible propaganda use of the massacre. In Huế it has not had to. Says Colonel Le Van Than, the local province chief: "After Tet, the people realized that the Viet Cong would kill them, regardless of political belief." That fearful thought haunts many South Vietnamese, particularly those who work for their government or for the Americans. With the U.S. withdrawal under way, the massacre of Huế might prove a chilling example of what could lie ahead.

MEXICO

Next President: Not Left, Not Right

Mexicans will not go to the polls to elect their next President for another nine months, but as of last week everyone knew who the winner would be. His name: Luis Echeverría Alvarez, 47, now Interior Minister under outgoing President Gustavo Díaz Ordaz. Endorsed last week by the ruling Partido Revolucionario Institucional (P.R.I.), Echeverría is certain to be formally named the P.R.I.'s candidate during the party's convention next month. Because Mexico is virtually a one-party state, that nomination is equivalent to election to a six-year term. Since P.R.I.'s founding 41 years ago in the wake of Mexico's revolution, it has not lost a presidential vote.

Echeverría, an efficient administrator and decision maker, is following a well-trodden path. Eight of his nine most recent predecessors served as Interior Minister, the most important Cabinet post, before taking over the presidency. Díaz Ordaz and other P.R.I. chieftains expect little change in policies—with good reason, for Echeverría was selected as party candidate by the President himself, in concert with party leaders and the country's three living ex-Presidents.

Echeverría's major challenge will be



ECHEVERRÍA & DAUGHTER
Along a well-trodden path.

to spur the growth of the underdeveloped rural economy: at least half of Mexico's 47 million people live in areas largely untouched by the prosperity that has brought forests of TV antennas, rows of private homes and traffic jams to the large cities. Party reform also ranks high on the list of priorities. Last year's pre-Olympic riots, during which police shot at least 33 people to death and wounded 500 others in Mexico City's Plaza de Las Tres Culturas, showed the depth of discontent and impatience among the young. The party's autocratic methods—demonstrated so effectively in its manner of choosing a new President—have been challenged by reformers.

A lawyer and political scientist who entered politics 23 years ago, the new



MÉDICI
Already on the documents.

presidential candidate defines his position as "neither to the right, nor to the left, nor in a static center, but onward and upward." Just how quickly Echeverría will move, however, remains in question. Stable leadership has given Mexico four decades of political and economic progress, while South American nations have suffered 40 coups since 1930. Recently, however, the party has displayed an increasing reluctance to stay in step with the times.

BRAZIL

New President: Medium-Hard

If there is little suspense connected with Mexico's forthcoming presidential elections, there was none at all as Brazil last week formally chose General Emilio Garrastazú Médici, 63, as its head of state. For the past month, government printers in Brasília, the capital, have been engraving Médici's name on official documents. New ambassadors have been arriving with credentials already addressed to him. Three weeks ago, the Shah of Iran even cabled congratulations to him. Sitting as an electoral college, Congress last week finally made it official by voting him into office, 293 to 0, with 76 abstentions. At the same time, right-wing Admiral Augusto Hamann Rademaker Grunwald was named Vice President.

Médici succeeds Artur da Costa e Silva, an ex-army marshal who had ruled since 1967 but was partially paralyzed by a stroke last August. A military triumvirate took over the government, imperiously brushing aside the civilian Vice President, who should have succeeded Costa e Silva under the constitution. Early this month the brass reached into the ranks of four-star generals to choose Médici, the taciturn commander of Brazil's Third Army, as the new "candidate."

Cynical Jeers. Médici was almost unknown outside the army. Three weeks ago, when he went on television before 90 million countrymen with the *pro forma* promise to see "democracy definitely installed in our country," Brazilians responded with cynical jeers. "In the U.S.," went one gibe, "there are general elections. In Brazil, the generals elect."

To dress up Médici's election with a little democracy, the generals allowed Congress to reconvene for the first time since it was dissolved ten months ago in a military crackdown on civilian dissent. There is not much chance that the legislators will ever cause the new President any trouble. Under new amendments to the constitution, drafted by the military, congressional immunity has been abolished—on or off the floor of Congress. Should the President still find the lawmakers obstreperous, he can invoke certain "transitory provisions" to close Congress and rule by decree.

General Médici is known as "a man of few smiles and friends." He won some key friends in 1964, when he

gave major support to the coup that established Brazil's military rule. Raised in Rio Grande do Sul, south Brazil's rugged cattle country, the new President is a compromise choice acceptable to both moderate officers and the *linha dura*—hardliners who would crack down even harder on dissent. Like most of his comrades-in-arms, he is convinced that only the military knows what is best for Brazil and its 90 million people. "There must be freedom," he said earlier this year, "but there can be no license to contradict the political desires of the nation."

The big question is whether the hardliners will find Médici too moderate. Already, Three-Star General Afonso Albuquerque Lima, a disappointed presidential aspirant, has warned Médici's men that "more audacious" officers are waiting in the wings. Clearly, Médici's problem will be to keep discontent from boiling over in the streets—and in the barracks as well.

CRIME

Paradise Lost

Chatting with a neighbor recently, a Melbourne, Australia, carpenter named Terry Cooke confided that he was one digit away from the winning number in a \$28,000 lottery. "I don't know whether I'm lucky or unlucky," he said. At the time the remark mystified the neighbor. Last week, after police swarmed into the neighborhood in search of Cooke, he understood. Cooke, actually Ronald Arthur Biggs, 39, was the only man still free of the 15 who halted a Glasgow-to-London Royal Mail train in 1963 and looted it of \$7,300,000. Caught and sentenced to 30 years in jail, Biggs escaped in 1965. The last thing he wanted in his Australian hideaway was the publicity of a lottery hit. Even so, the \$28,000 would have been nice. Biggs' \$265,000 share of the train lolly was all gone. Before he disappeared, he had been living like any other struggling householder on the block.

Hellish Times. Ever since the great train robbery, things have gone steadily downhill for the bandits who made off with 120 sacks of money. Most were captured before they could spend more than a few quid. Those who eluded Scotland Yard for a while had a hellish time, and it is clear that little of the \$6,400,000 that is still unaccounted for went towards riotous living. Consider some of Biggs' accomplices:

► **Bruce Reynolds**, free until last November, did splurge at first. A dozen bottles of Nuits St. Georges, a dozen Veuve Cliquot and a dozen Dom Perignon were delivered each week to his London flat. He tooted about in an Austin-Healey, a Thunderbird or a Mercedes 250. Fearful that the police were closing in, Reynolds lit out from his hiding place. He traveled constantly for five years, fleeing through six countries on false passports obtained for \$33,000 from criminal acquaintances. When he

was finally run down in the English seaside resort of Torquay, he seemed relieved. Said he: "Anyone who thinks that crime pays must be mad."

► **Charles Wilson**, escaping jail as Biggs had, fled to Rigaud, Canada, with his wife and three children. But the jailbreak cost \$140,000 (for men to free him with cleverly counterfeit keys), and the flight from England about as much. The Wilsons lived in constant terror of attracting attention. "The nagging fear of discovery," said Patricia Wilson, "gave me a permanent headache." Said her husband, recaptured in January 1968: "It wasn't worth it."

► **James White** remained free for three years. But he had to flee from Tangier, Spain, the south of France and three other hiding places as acquaintances dis-

count. Escaping from England cost him \$45,000 for a small boat, hiding places on either side of the Channel and escorts. Abroad he visited a plastic surgeon for expensive (\$7,000) alterations to his face and fingertips. He spent 15 months in hiding, then bought a fake passport and flew to Australia as Terrence Furminger. From Adelaide he sent back \$2,500 for other passports and air fare for Wife Charmain and their two sons. The last of the lolly went for furniture, appliances and toys for the brick bungalow that Biggs rented, for \$26.88 a week, at 52 Hibiscus Road in the Melbourne suburb of Blackburn.

Resuming the straight life, Biggs earned \$95.26 a week as a carpenter and was eager for Saturday overtime of \$27.94. Charmain, after the birth of

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS—PHOTOGRAPH



BIGGS & WIFE IN MELBOURNE NIGHTCLUB LAST MONTH
Hardly even a lick of the lolly.

covered his identity and blackmailed him for a total of \$162,400. White had to pay one landlord \$2,800 a week in rent, and in the end still had to flee because the landlord informed on him to collect close to \$100,000 in rewards. White was finally captured in 1966 at Littlestone-on-Sea in Kent. Noting that he was "at the end of my tether," he said thankfully that he was "glad it's all over."

► **Ronald Edwards** lost so much to blackmailers that in 1966 his wife persuaded him to surrender. He was living what he described as "a crazy, unnatural life" in a grubby South London roominghouse and was, he told police, "flat broke."

The Straight Life. Biggs fared little better. His escape from London's Wandsworth prison cost \$112,000 for a furniture van fitted with a sliding roof and hydraulic lift, two getaway cars and a crew to operate them. Because nearly \$110,000 of his swag was in traceable notes, he had to dispose of them in the underworld at a 50% dis-

count. A third son, worked the 4 to midnight shift as a packer in a toilet-tissue plant. "That's the laugh of the whole thing," she said after her husband fled the police with \$40 in his pocket. "You don't work at night in a factory when you have hidden resources." Only occasionally did the Biggesses splurge. On their last big evening out, a month ago, a Melbourne nightclub photographer snapped a picture of them sipping wine and enjoying crêpes. After the manhunt for Biggs began, the photographer remembered the face and gave police an up-to-date look at the man they have been after for four years.

If the police catch up with Biggs, he will be returned to an English prison. Charmain talks of remaining in Australia. "I don't want to have to take my children back to the cold of England," she says. Whatever her plans, she will have some money at last. Australian Consolidated Press is paying \$78,400 for the story of how her husband's ill-gotten gains from the great train robbery were quickly drained.

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STATE FARM MUTUAL

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, Home Office: Bloomington, Illinois

PEOPLE

His power at the plate won him six American League batting titles, while his unruly temper earned him the sobriquet "Terrible Ted." Returning to baseball this season as manager of the Washington Senators, **Ted Williams** set out to prove that "doing very little for eight years except fishing" had dulled none of his baseball dazzle. He was right. The Senators posted their first winning season in 17 years to finish fourth in division standings. For that, the Associated Press voted him American League Manager of the Year. Told the news by telephone, Williams was nonplussed. "I'm flabbergasted," he said.

Happy birthday telegrams and letters poured in by the bagful. But at 88, **Pablo Picasso** remained in seclusion at his villa near Cannes on the French Riviera, granting no interviews and seeing only a few carefully chosen friends. The most that newsmen and well-wishers could hope for was to hear Picasso himself answer the phone and in his distinctive voice announce: "Monsieur et Madame ne sont pas ici..." Click.

Republican eyebrows rose when **Gerry Van der Heuvel**, a journalist and close friend of the Hubert Humphreys, was named Pat Nixon's press secretary. Her former colleagues were even more distressed when press releases were late and uninformative. Now Gerry is moving to Rome as special assistant to U.S. Ambassador **Graham Martin**. In her place the First Lady has named **Connie Stuart**, a pert redhead who at 31 is one of the youngest ever to handle the White House job. Connie met the Nixons last year when her husband, also a

presidential staffer, was doing yeoman campaign work around the country. But her appointment is no political payoff. After five years' experience in public relations with two New York firms, she seems well equipped to give the First Lady's image a face lift.

She already owns the 33-carat Krupp diamond, and assorted other baubles worth a fortune. Still, here was a rock to outshine them all: a flawless, pure white, 69-carat diamond, set in a ring that an anonymous owner had put up for bids at Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries. **Elizabeth Taylor** wanted the jewel so badly that the Burtons' agent was willing to pay \$1,000,000. Alas, that was not enough. The stone, which is as large as a peach pit, went for \$1,050,000, making it the world's costliest single piece of jewelry ever auc-



THE BURTON DIAMOND
Bauble in hand.

tioned. It was carried off by Cartier. But in the end, the lady had her way when **Richard Burton** bought the gem from Cartier. The price? Still a secret.

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" shouted Soviet Spaceman **Georgy T. Beregovoy**, as he guided his Lunar Module to a rendezvous. Another Soviet space spectacular? Not quite. It was all part of a tour of Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center that **Beregovoy** and Companion Cosmonaut **Konstantin Feoktistov** were taking as guests of U.S. Astronaut **Frank Borman**, who had visited the U.S.S.R. last summer. The high point of the two-week junket was to be a trip to Cape Kennedy, but the Russians turned it down with a curt "Nyet." The speculation was that they did not want to reciprocate with an invitation to their space base in Central Asia. But when it came to *Hello, Dolly!* the visitors were all smiles. At first, security men were reluctant to let Pearl Bailey in-



BEREGOVY & PEARL
Never in danger.

vite the cosmonauts onstage to introduce them to the audience. But Pearl Mae prevailed. "None of you people in here dangerous, are ya?" she called out—then to cheers she soundly bussed the Russians, and **Frank Borman** too.

The soothsayer warned one of his clients, **Gina Lollobrigida**, not to take an auto trip last winter. She ignored the advice—and wrecked her Rolls-Royce, broke her knee and had two operations to set it right. No wonder practically everyone in Rome waits nervously for **Astaroth** to make his general predictions. As the augur sees 1970: **Teddy Kennedy** will be completely rehabilitated. **Aristotle Onassis** will lose a fortune in a series of disastrous reverses—and **Jackie** as well, after a series of violent quarrels. Soviet Party Boss **Leonid Brezhnev** will be booted out of the Kremlin and discredited, just like **Khrushchev**. **Richard Nixon** will settle the Viet Nam war and enjoy the popularity he has always wanted. But not for long. Lurking in the background, **Astaroth** sees "a young Oriental man" who will touch off World War III and annihilate millions.

If South African Surgeon **Christiaan Barnard** is bothered by the rising chorus of criticism aimed at heart transplants, he does not show it. To a meeting of the American Association of Medical Assistants in Honolulu he declared that it is infinitely better to transplant a heart "than to bury it so it can be devoured by worms." After the speech, there was an unscheduled appearance by former Vice President **Hubert Humphrey**, who used to know a thing or two about medicine himself. Said Humphrey, University of Minnesota professor: "If you ever need a pharmacist, keep me in mind. You can never tell—I might be hired from the university."



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LINCOLN-MERCURY

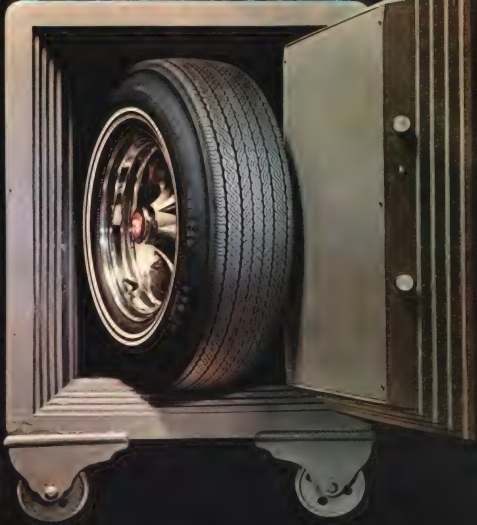




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4. Rum-on-the-rocks: 1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass; add lemon twist, if you like.

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OF RUMOR, MYTH AND A BEATLE

LONDON AP—Paul McCartney vigorously denied today the rumor that he is alive and well. At a resurrection ceremony held at London's Highgate Cemetery, the 24-year-old Beatle, who would have been 27 had he lived, emerged from his tomb to insist that he was decapitated in a car accident three years ago.

"This is the sort of thing one doesn't get over," he told a crowd estimated by Scotland Yard at 3,500. "If I were really alive, wouldn't I be the first to admit it?" Amid a chorus of anguished protest from the audience, McCartney re-entered his crypt and was seen to bolt it from the inside.

Despite this brief reincarnation, the rumor persists that McCartney lives, strengthened by the report that a new Beatles movie, in which he appears, will be issued next year.

SILLY as this imaginary news dispatch may seem, it is not much sillier than the rumor, currently sweeping U.S. college campuses, that Paul McCartney is dead. As with most rumors, no one really knows its source. It has been variously traced to a thesis by an Ohio Wesleyan University student, a satirical but deadpan story in the Oct. 14 issue of the University of Michigan *Daily*, and a Detroit disk jockey who spread much the same nonsense over radio station WKNR. Since the rumor spread, Beatle fans have diligently parsed the albums of their heroes for clues corroborating what they already wanted to believe; of course, they found them, usually in forced interpretations of Beatle lyrics. That is another characteristic of rumor. It does not require—indeed, it commonly rejects—the discipline of reason.

As McCartney proved by appearing at a Glasgow airport last week, he is indisputably alive. But so is the baseless report that he is not. What is more, the rumor is not likely to die before he does; after the event, which could occur 50 or so years from now, the last surviving mongers of this particular rumor will triumphantly crow: "I told you so." For reasons that go back to the origins of man, the human intellect craves to discover more meaning than facts can supply. What it does not know it will guess at. Airborne by ignorance and insecurity, that supposition will almost always defy the attempts of reason to shoot it down.

Two conditions are essential to the survival of a rumor. One is ambiguity, which can stem from many different sources: a shortage of dependable information, events beyond ordinary understanding. The other condition is man's dislike of ambiguity in situations that vitally affect him.

The Welcome Channel

These two conditions are handsomely fulfilled by an age in which not only events but their meaning strain human understanding. Merely to live with the omnipotence of science and technology is enough to send man back to the safe harbor of primitive myth. Just as myth was the predecessor of science and religion, so may rumor have been the precursor of myth. Long before man registered his thoughts on the pages of history, he committed his anxieties and his faith to rumor—that welcome channel of information and misinformation that made sense of senselessness.

In satisfying the human need for reassurance, rumor plays a role that truth not always can. It goes through three distinct stages. In the first, the fact content is reduced, partly because of the porosity of human memory, partly because of man's inclination to simplify. The Great Blackout of 1965 was a case of countless rumors; some people immediately assumed that it was the result of a Communist sabotage plot; others believed that it was an unannounced air-raid test by the U.S. Government. In the next stage, the rumormonger ac-

cepts certain parts of the story that appeal to him. Last year in Washington, D.C., a rumor swept the black ghetto that Soul Singer James Brown had been killed shortly after finishing a concert in the city. As it happened, Brown had simply flown off for another appearance; because of the ugly connotations of the story, Brown was traced to Los Angeles and persuaded to record a statement declaring that he was still alive. In this case, the rumor suited the sentiment of a bitter, riot-prone community better than the truth.

In the third and final stage of a rumor's life, the information is tailored to suit the vendor's interests and emotional needs. Those who believe that McCartney is dead, for instance, are in part sublimating their fear of the grave. For whenever death visits another person, it must delay its appointment in Samarra with you. Frequently, the death of a public figure breeds a host of rumors about the supposed deaths of other public figures. Within hours after Franklin Roosevelt died in 1945, rumors falsely consigned General George Marshall, Bing Crosby and New York Mayor Fiorello La Guardia to the same end. John Kennedy's assassination touched off false stories that Lyndon Johnson had immediately succumbed to a heart attack. Conversely, ambiguous evidence of a public figure's death will almost certainly provoke rumors that he is alive. Some people believe that Hitler is still at large in Argentina or Paraguay; others contend that J.F.K. carries on a vegetable-like existence in a well-guarded private hospital. Long after his death, many of his fans believed that he was alive, but hopelessly disfigured, in a hospital somewhere.

It is almost impossible for people in the public eye to escape from rumors. That paragon of puritanical virtue, Queen Victoria, was thought by some of her contemporaries to be the secret wife of Disraeli or the secret mistress of her Scottish gillie, John Brown. Since rumor sometimes represents vicarious wish fulfillment, certain movie stars have been popularly credited with sexual exploits that defy physical ability.

Politics and government are simply inconceivable without the ubiquitous presence of rumor; it is a fixture of every state polity. In the form of trial balloons, rumors are deliberately lofted to survey popular sentiment. Before Gutenberg, word of mouth constituted man's principal means for exchanging knowledge, and it would be difficult to prove that modern instruments of communication have improved things much. If legend and myth are solidified rumor, so may be the printed picture and word—secondhand hearsay that is susceptible to the same kind of distortion that rumor undergoes in its journey from one willing ear to the next.

Not even Paul McCartney would claim that the rumor of his death has injured him in any way. Quite the opposite, in fact. It has filled the headlines with his name and generated a bull market for the new Beatle album, *Abbey Road*. Nor is it surprising, really, that such a morbid thought could take root and grow in the public consciousness. The Beatles are a modern and enviable public myth: four young nobodies from Liverpool who, through accident as much as art, caught the public fancy at a moment when there was a need for the society-challenging anthem.

Among other things, the McCartney death story shows that it is impossible for a man to get through life without hearing a lot of rumors, believing some of them and starting or at least embroidering a few himself. It is all so easy. Take, for example, the story that Jackie Onassis has secretly fallen in love with a New York *Daily News* photographer . . .



McCartney

EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Working-Class Collegians:

The True Believers

While thousands of U.S. collegians are busily rejecting the values of their affluent parents, hardly anyone recalls that quaint figure, the poor youth struggling to become his family's first college graduate. In fact, he is still very much around. If his voice is rarely heard, it is because he still believes in the old U.S. idea that education is salvation—a notion that consumes his energy and compels him to work, work, work.

The increased availability of scholarships, student loans and work-study programs has drawn more children of working-class families to college than

zales, a journalism major at San Francisco State College, finds that he cannot hold a job during the school year and keep up his studies. But he works 60 hours a week during the summer, lives on the pay he saves in the winter and gets state-guaranteed student loans when the cash runs out. Mostly he works in lumber mills, like his Mexican immigrant father; his mother frequently sends him vegetables that she cans in their Stockton home, and his grandmother sometimes encloses a \$1 bill in a letter.

White working-class students usually have less trouble, but even for them life can be a grind. Marilyn Masiero, 25, who will receive her education degree from New York University in

ward the radicals is simple dissociation. "I haven't taken part in any demonstrations," says Sally De Haven, 22, a scholarship student at the Chicago Circle campus of the University of Illinois, who works two nights and one weekend day in a hippie store. "I'm really too busy studying and working."

The working-class students differ most sharply from the revolutionaries in their attitudes toward their parents and the education they are getting. Far from feeling alienated, they speak of their fathers and mothers with deep affection. Eric Priestley is constantly pained by the thought that his 65-year-old mother, who has a bad heart, still does housework for other people and that his father, 63, who has hardening of the arteries as well as a bad heart, must still mow lawns to keep a rented roof over their heads. Patricia Cabbell, 25, who clerks at Federal City College for 18 hours a week while studying nursing, is determined to earn the pride of her father, a Baptist minister who did not go to college. "I'm his hope," she says.

The Key. Overwhelmingly, the working-class students feel that the radicals do not appreciate the value of a modern university education. To them, it is the all-important thing, and the one form of campus protest they cannot abide is disruption of classes. Yet unlike earlier generations of poor students, and like the middle-class revolutionaries, they tend to define success in terms of making a contribution to society rather than making money. "I think the most important thing I can do with my life is to use my education to help *chicano* communities," says John Gonzales. He hopes to work for a big-city newspaper covering Mexican-American communities. "I know both sides, so I can write as a liaison between the *chicano* and the white neighborhoods," he says. Education is "the key" to improving society, says Olga Mike, who dreams of becoming an opera singer, but will work first as a teacher. She adds: "I'm not against marchers, but my way is to get through school as fast as I can and learn as much as I can. I say, wait and bide your time. Then, when your time comes, do whatever you can."



PRIESTLEY



GONZALES



DE HAVEN

Seen but not heard.

ever before. While they predominate at "commuter colleges" like Wayne State in Detroit and the new Federal City College in Washington, they also attend the better-known universities. Indeed, one study indicates that 58% of U.S. freshmen last year had fathers who did not go to college. At last count, 37% of all college students came from families headed by blue-collar, service or farm workers.

Underwear for Christmas. Many of these students are considerably older than their classmates and must drive themselves to stay in school. Eric J. Priestley, 25, a psychology major at California State College at Los Angeles, works up to 15 hours a week as a consultant to tutors in the school's Educational Opportunities Program, for which he earns \$120 a month. He sometimes must borrow bus fare from his professors for the ride back to his home in predominantly Negro Compton, where he often stays up until 4 a.m. to write a novel, poetry and plays expressing the frustrations of a ghetto black. He claims that he can get along on 15 hours of sleep a week. John Gon-

January, has taken several bank loans, worked summers, weekends and Christmas vacations, is now an apprentice teacher in a Harlem public school. "You die of anxiety every year until that scholarship letter comes," she says. "If you go out on a date, you borrow the clothes. You have a pair of shoes and a pair of sandals, and you wear the sandals till November. For Christmas gifts you ask for money and underwear."

Their struggles set these students apart from middle-class student radicals, and they know it. A few, as might be expected, express contempt for college revolutionaries. Olga Mike, 20, who has worked as a domestic and a receptionist while attending N.Y.U., speaks bitterly of "Kids with nothing to do—they don't even go to classes, but they take over a building and sit in it drinking wine." Most of the working-class students share the radicals' opposition to the Viet Nam war and the draft. Many even grant that campus rebels have done some good by awakening society to evils that must be corrected. Even so, their predominant feeling to-

EDUCATION ABROAD Raging Against Reform

Since World War II, England has tried to tear down the educational barriers that have long divided the country into what Disraeli called two nations of the privileged and the people. Many children in England and Wales still take a rigorous exam around the age of eleven that funnels the gifted minority into grammar schools, which prepare them for universities. The academic chaff is relegated to so-called secondary modern schools that tend to brand their graduates as lifetime "duds." Reform has centered on the establishment of comprehensive schools, their version of

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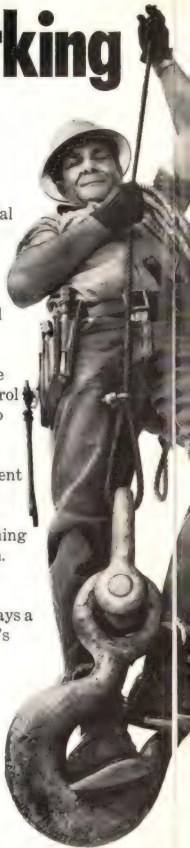
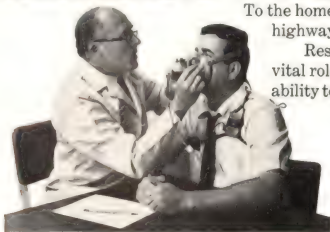
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to prevent injury.

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Creative research pays off. In one on-the-job study we examined the attitudes of workers and their families toward accident prevention. As a result, we learned that accident prevention programs at work are an important part of the working environment. That families are anxious to visit and understand the place where the breadwinner works.

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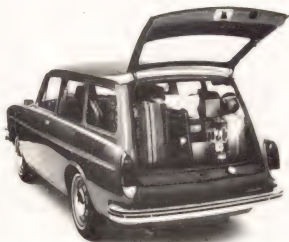
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So you see, the Squareback has a whole lot of space to put stuff into.

But you don't need a whole lot of space to put the Squareback into.

U.S. public high schools, which teach all things to all children.

Thin Red Line. Progress has been slow: comprehensive schools still enroll only 21% of all students in the tax-supported secondary schools of England and Wales. One reason is that the elite grammar schools attract middle-class parents who yearn to give their children upper-class accents and the university aura that separates gentlemen from others. Now the Labor Party wants to send all children to comprehensive schools—and many middle-class parents are aghast. If grammar schools go, they charge, their children will have to mix with academic and social inferiors. Seizing the issue, the Conservative Party has vowed to block the Labor plan, especially if the Tories win Britain's forthcoming national elections.

Anti-egalitarians mounted a chorus of outrage against democratized education in England seven months ago with a collection of essays entitled *Fight for Education: A Black Paper*. The latest barrage came this month with the publication of *Black Paper Two: The Crisis in Education*. Both were written by a group of traditionally minded novelists, politicians and educators. As they see it, England's thin red line of intellectual royalists is being overrun by "progressive" reformers who deliberately sabotage old-fashioned academic virtues.

Verging on Hysteria. The essays' editors charge that the reformers fatally fear their standards to "the unlucky, the ungifted, the indolent or the otherwise lame." This shrill voice is echoed in every essay. Tory M.P. Angus Maud writes: "We must reject the chimera of equality and proclaim the ideal of quality." Novelist Kingsley Amis encapsulates mass education with the slogan, "more means worse," and blames student unrest at universities on the presence of the academically unfit. Psychologist Sir Cyril Burt offers statistics purporting to prove that skills in reading, spelling and arithmetic have dropped in the past 55 years. Underlying the invective is a pervasive fear that educational reform is the cutting edge of a Labor Party plan to break down Britain's social structure.

Reaction to the essays was loud and expected. The *Times Literary Supplement* accused the authors of "prejudices that verged on the hysterical." The *Manchester Guardian* called them a "tightly knit bunch of righties." Many indignant teachers pointed to a 1967 government report showing that over the past two decades, eleven-year-olds have increased the rate at which they learn to read by more than 24%. Meanwhile, a new stress on writing and new math has livened up teaching throughout the country. The loudest reaction, perhaps, came from Education Secretary Edward Short who declared: "The publication of the Black Paper was one of the blackest days for education in the last 100 years."

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MUSIC

SCHOOLS

A Jewel of a Juilliard

After ten years and nearly two-billion dollars, Manhattan's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts is now officially complete. This week the new Juilliard School, the last in the Center's complex of cultural institutions, celebrated its opening with a gala concert—by famous old grads—and a tour through its sumptuous new quarters.

The new Juilliard building is a triumph of architecture, technology and sheer cash. Designed by Architect Pietro Belluschi and put up at a cost of \$30 million, the building encompasses 8,000,000 cubic feet spread over nine floors. It houses 15 gigantic rehearsal rooms, three organ studios, 84 practice rooms, 30 private studios, two recital halls (including Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center's acoustically superb home for chamber music) and limitless vistas of plush, carpeted corridors and lobbies. There is also the thousand-seat Juilliard Theater. Its pop-up ceiling can be raised or lowered (up for big orchestras, down for small ensembles). Its pit stage is bigger than the New York State Theater's across the street.

Most important, the new Juilliard is quiet. Elaborate soundproofing restrains the musical sawing, singing and pounding of adjacent performers. Meticulously angled walls and ceilings channel sound patterns in scientifically approved directions. (Practice studios, for instance, have no right angles at all.)

Disquieting Quiet. Juilliard has always been known for looking at music with a coldly practical eye. "We want only the really great talents coming to the school," says President Peter Menin. "Entrance exams will be tougher, the curriculum will be tightened. We're sending students out into a hard professional life."

The school's only noticeable lack is a properly equipped laboratory for electronic music—probably because Juilliard regards electronic composers as a threat to the traditional instrumental playing it must teach. But at least one student complained: "They should sell some of that wall-to-wall carpeting and buy some electronics equipment." Composer Luciano Berio, who teaches composition at the school, feels that electronic music is indispensable. "The curriculum is incomplete without it," he says flatly.

In settling down in their lavish surroundings, both students and faculty inevitably indulged in less serious gripes. Even the perfection of the soundproofing upsets musicians grown accustomed to the cozy cacophony of the old building. Violinist Robert Mann of the Juilliard String Quartet, for instance, finds the quiet somewhat disquieting. "I like distant musical sounds; it reminds me I'm in a conservatory." Told that a stu-

dent had complained because "the library is too comfortable: I can't take notes there," Mann admitted that the opulent new building takes getting used to. "It reminds me of what my father used to say when I told him I would only get married to a woman I love. 'Yes, fine,' he told me. 'But it doesn't hurt if she is rich.'"

ROCK

Mephisto in Hollywood

"Five thousand young people are there," TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler wrote, describing a Frank Zappa concert in Philadelphia. "They are expecting to be blasted out of their seats by a succession of rock groups like Jeff Beck, and Sly & the Family Stone. But the Mothers of Invention, who come on first, take the heart right out of the kids. They look old, entirely too old to be a rock group, and underfed, and definitely weird. Especially Frank Zappa, scrawny and at his most unappetizing in long red underwear, straggly black hair tied in a ponytail, a sinister goatee elongating a sallow, canine face. Noise comes out of the band, noise like a zoo is burning down. It is *King Kong*, one of Frank's creations. The kids start to rock back and forth like they always do. But as the full shock of this noise hits them, you can see them shrivel down in their seats until they sit there paralyzed, barely breathing. Twelve min-

utes later, the piece rumbles to a stop in the middle of an unbelievable shriek from the saxophones. The kids sit stunned."

As it happens, that was one of the Mothers' last concerts. For five years, Zappa and the eight other Mothers tried to make satiric hash of rock, displaying a suicidal urge, or so it seemed to many, to play music so weird, as Zappa put it, that "you just have to run screaming from the room the moment you hear us." To many people, Zappa, in fact, has often seemed to be a force of cultural darkness, a Mephistophelian figure serving as a lone, brutal reminder of music's potential for invoking chaos and destruction. Zappa sees himself merely as a devil's advocate who started out by disguising his own serious music as rock ("There's nothing reprehensible in atonal music played over a boogaloo rhythm"), hoping to find a permanent place for it. At 29, Zappa has now disbanded the leading underground rock group in the U.S. "I got tired of playing for people who clap for all the wrong reasons," he says. "Those kids wouldn't know music if it came up and bit 'em on the ass."

The move was far from suicidal. Zappa already has enough material recorded to produce twelve more Mothers LPs. If they are like the first eight, that will mean words too dirty and music too complex to be played on the radio. No matter. It is plainly time to branch out further. Zappa is now president of the first underground rock conglomerate ever, Bizarre, Inc. It includes two record labels—Bizarre and Straight—as well as a management firm, a public relations agency, an advertising agency, several music-publishing companies, a film-production company and a book division that will start off with *The Grouper Papers*, a look at life among the female camp followers of rock.

In signing talent, Zappa has only one criterion: the acts have to be even weirder than the Mothers. And are they ever. For Bizarre, Zappa has even recorded an ex-mental patient named Wild Man Fischer, who has made his living for years by standing on the sidewalk of Sunset Strip and shrieking distraught songs of his own creation at people for a nickel a song. The Straight label offers groups like Captain Beelheart & His Magic Band, a gaggle of males who live together in a big house in the San Fernando Valley, wear dresses, sheets and lampshades and rehearse their mad meanderings 14 hours a day.

Personally, Zappa is as bi-



THE ZAPPAS WITH DAUGHTER
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The background of the advertisement features a large, stylized illustration of a globe. The globe is primarily blue, representing the oceans. Two large, bright orange suns are positioned on the right side of the globe, partially overlapping it. A green landmass, likely representing North America, is visible on the right edge of the globe. The sky above the globe is a light blue with soft, white clouds.

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Oldsmobile: Escape from the ordinary.



zarre as any of the people he is pushing. He even shocks other pop musicians. A few years ago, he performed at the Grammy Awards, making pig noises for about 20 minutes because he found the audience rude and noisy. What may or may not qualify as slightly more appetizing is this line spoken by a girl on the Bizarre LP *Uncle Meat*: "No one could ever understand our bizarre relationship because I was your intellectual frigid housekeeper, especially when you'd be going to bed with one chick at night and I'd wake up in the morning to find . . . you weren't with the same one you were with the night before. . . ."

It would all be sheer horror if the talent, however wildly misused, were not there. But it is. Zappa's LP *Ruben & the Jets*, an irreverent look at rock 'n' roll of the mid-1950s ("Cheap thrills, in the back of my car! Cheap thrills, how fine they are"), is musical satire at its best. *The Return of the Son of Monster Magnet* (on the album *Freak Out!*), atonal, multi-rhythmic, grating stuff, puts most of today's electronic composers to shame for unpretentious thrust and sheer zany imagination.

Moon Unit. A self-taught composer whose idols are Stravinsky and Varèse, Zappa thinks that he would have been taken a lot more seriously if he had chosen a classical life. His current success, however, is the best proof possible of the cross-pollination of movies, television and recordings now occurring in Hollywood. These days even the freakiest musicians can go independent, be their own managers, producers and A & R men—and make money. Working in the basement of his Laurel Canyon home, which he shares with his wife Gail, their daughter Moon Unit, 11, and a baby son whom they call Dweezle, Zappa is editing his first film, *Burnt Weenie Sandwich*, a documentary about the Mothers. His second, *Captain Beefheart v. The Grunt People*, is ready for the camera. Neither one of them could possibly compare to the \$4,000,000 flick he hopes to do next. Zappa is ready, willing, able, and graphic in talking about that one if someone listens:

"It opens in a concentration camp in the bottom of the Grand Canyon, where the Establishment has rounded up all the hippies, the Mothers included, to re-educate them in the American virtues, with lectures on things like the American hamburger. Whenever anyone falls asleep in class, he is killed by a huge torture machine which carves the name of his crime in his back. In the end, the Mothers and the other hippies are saved by Mothra, the giant moth of movie fame, and Godzilla, and Gorgo, and King Kong, and all the old monsters, and in the Armageddon it is discovered that the camp had been run by Colonel Sanders, who turned out to be nothing more than an electric doll in the glove compartment of a Volkswagen bus which was being used as a Chicken De-light truck."

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MODERN LIVING

The Skin Game



Bendel's coat of Somali cheetah, with patch pockets and cape back.



Kaplan's jumpsuit of calfskin stenciled to look like zebra.



Maximilian's "five-finger exercise," in calf overlaid with antelope.

Mink-lined raincoat and matching skirt (right) by Maximilian; Mongolian lamb bathrobe (far right), in blue and white, from Revillon.

MINK and sable, the Big Two of the fur world, can still be seen on the salon racks, regal as ever in traditional brown or black. But their luster is somewhat diminished this season by bright new competitors designed to make the fur—and the fur sales—fly. Right up there with the mink and the sable, the chinchilla, the ermine and the fox, are such low-status pelts as wolf, monkey, weasel, bull and yak. Without examining the label, however, even a zoologist would have trouble identifying the newcomers. For the furs have become checked, striped, flowered and wholly unrecognizable. Mostly they have been dyed; mink has gone pink, and puce, and pimento, and so has everything else. There is aquamarine heaver, lavender chinchilla, and one number, of Manchurian weasel, in a curious, yellow hue.

Moreover, the skins have been newly shaped. Although some elegantly fitted furs have always been available for years, most designs were amorphous clumps; minimally styled and varying only in depth of cuff and the width of hem. The new models are cut with an eye toward lean grace and contemporary flair. Now, there are gently fitted capes and coats, designed with spare straight sleeves and narrow shoulders and waists that do not swaddle the figure but merely graze it. Now, in fact, there is fur that does the work of cloth.

Warmth and Style. "It is the young," according to Furrier Jacques Kaplan, "who are making furs an up-front fashion. They do not want status, just warmth and style." With youth in mind, and to revive a market that dropped 40% in sales between 1947 and 1967, Kaplan branched out into inexpensive furs like mink paw, fitch and squirrel. When they

caught on, he went farther still—this year into wildcat, Spanish bull and monkey.

Kaplan's colleagues are hard on his heels. Emeric Partos will not tamper in any major way with the Big Two: "A mink is a mink," he says with reverence, "and a sable is a sable, and I will not tear them, trim them or tuck them." Nonetheless, Partos has rimmed a black Alaskan seal cape with flowers made of 40 different ersatz shades of mink. Revillon Furs' designer Fernando Sanchez likes a long-haired mink, worn with the fur inside, that presents a hairless—though embossed—exterior.

Five-Finger Exercise. It was Madame Potok, *grande dame* at Maximilian Furs, who first treated fur like a fabric; an old-style mink coat weighed twelve pounds before she scissored away at waists and armholes, sleeves and bulky seams and reduced the total to a mere four pounds. This year's collection moves Madame Potok to grandiloquence. "For the girl who forgot her gloves," she has a broad-tail coat whose sleeves drip ermine over naked hands (\$7,800); "for unheated castles," there is a black mink, floor-length caftan with a gold-headed bib front (\$5,900); "for a five-finger exercise," a calfskin coat, dyed an unpretentious wine and appliqued with black antelope in the shape of fingers (\$1,815).

Not all the new furs are so high-priced. Some of them (wolf, mole, bull and hamster) cost well under \$700, several (rabbit and fox paws), less than \$300. The customer will obviously be paying more for the labor than for the fur. For, as Kaplan says of the new furs: "We have plucked them, unplucked them, sheared them, dyed them, cut them out, stenciled them and printed them. In other words, a little bit of God, and much of man."





Street-length chinchilla cape is dyed a shade of apricot brandy, by Reiss & Fabrizio.

Jacques Kaplan's poncho resembles herringbone, but is made of mink paws instead of tweed.



Dior's lyric green mink coat is banded with suede trimmings.



Ermine tails form both skirt and muffler fringe, by Kaplan.

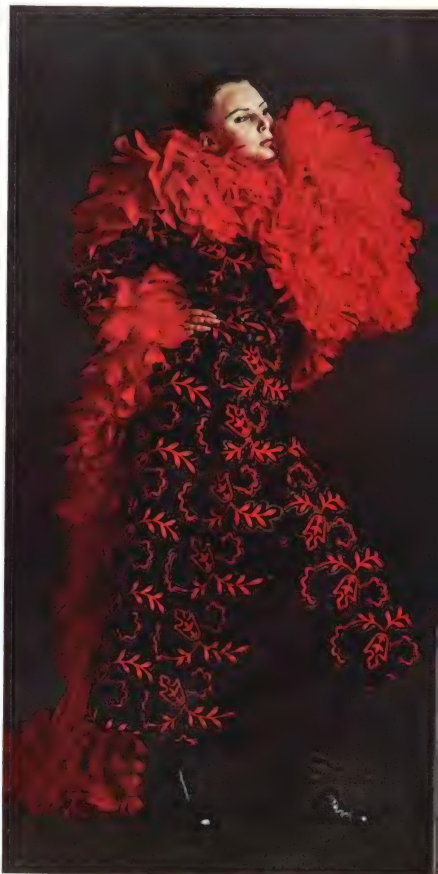




Striped muffler, by Reiss & Fabrizio, is 100 in. long and all chinchilla.



Bold patterns of wool embroidery dramatize both Maximilian's Swakara lamb coat (above) and the black broadtail jacket and skirt (right) by De Lu Renta.



THE THEATER

NOBEL PRIZE

Kyrie Eleison Without God

In her memoirs, Peggy Guggenheim describes a character she calls "Obolomov," which is her name for the young Samuel Beckett of the 1930s. The name was apt. Obolomov is the hero of a 19th century Russian novel by Goncharov, and he is famed for his inability to get out of bed. The mere thought of taking any action or making any decision makes him burrow deeper under the covers in a paroxysm of inertia. Miss Guggenheim's "Obolomov" told her that "ever since his birth he had retained a terrible memory of life in his mother's womb. He was constantly suffering from this and had awful crises, when he felt he was suffocating."

As a poet, novelist and playwright, Samuel Beckett has ramified that ordeal by suffocation into images of frustration, impotence, alienation, futility and absurdity. As a drop of water implies the sea, the personal obsession of a scrupulous and sensitive writer may mirror the inarticulate concerns of multitudes of men. The significant artist "dreams ahead"—he catches on to his age and then his age catches up to him. When Samuel Beckett was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature last week at the age of 63, it was perhaps as much of an honor to his international audiences as to him. The judges were acknowledging that this demanding, obscure and austere self-contained writer had become the laureate of an age that feels suffocated by its desolating sense of nothingness.

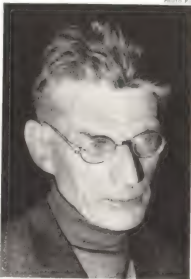
Metaphysical Blackout. Beckett's friend and mentor, James Joyce, once said: "Here is life without God. Just look at it!" In a way, Beckett's entire work is an agonized sermon on that text. In his world, the machinery of existence seems to be grinding to a halt. The titles *Krapp's Last Tape*, *Endgame* and *Malone Dies* suggest a civilization with terminal cancer. The suffocating womb becomes a death trap; the urns encasing the characters in *Play*; the mound of earth piled up to the heroine's neck in *Happy Days*, the ashen of *Endgame*. One critic has called a Beckett hero a perverse Cartesian: I stink, therefore I am. Actually, the degradation and mutilation of the body are Beckett's image for the withering away of the soul.

The mood of Beckett's plays and novels is traumatic loss, a vestigial memory of the expulsion from Eden. With elegiac melancholy, Beckett intones a Kyrie eleison without God. *Waiting for Godot* is hope's requiem. The two tramps Estragon and Vladimir wait in vain.

Waiting is the real activity of all Beckett's seemingly totally passive characters. As in an electricity blackout one waits for the light, so in Beckett's metaphysical and moral blackout one waits for new

gods and values to replace the old. At times, Beckett seems almost complacent in his despair. Doing nothing is regarded as the higher wisdom and action as impatience, an attempt to induce the birth of some new vital myth that is as yet, in Matthew Arnold's words, "powerless to be born."

And so the two tramps wait. To pass the time they play games. Games become a substitute for life and the loss of purpose. They are the contemps of clowns. The clown is the only entertainer who consistently draws laughter through his own self-abasement. Beckett's ultimate position is that man is the clown of the universe. But he is a



SAMUEL BECKETT
Laureate of an age.

clown for whom Beckett weeps, and that is his saving compassion.

Dramatically, Beckett is more important for his focus than his range. He has forcefully reminded the modern theater that the proper study of the stage is man and the dilemma of his humanity. His spareness has been a valuable lesson in economy. But his use of the internal monologue is not ideally suited to the stage. In his trilogy of richly introspective novels, *Molloy*, *Malone Dies* and *The Unnamable*, Beckett roams inside a character's skull as if it were a continent. Onstage, the monologue is cramping, and the most dramatic skull is always likely to be Yorick's.

Priestly Vocation. Though he has spent most of his life in Paris, Beckett is Irish and the lilt of the Gael runs poetically through even his laconic prose. The brooding sense of grievance, the delight in wordplay, the spellbinding gifts of the barroom raconteur: all these Irish traits are in Beckett. With Joyce, he shares an inordinate relish for puns and scatology, and a tendency to regard sex as either a joke or a sin. Like

Joyce, he regards writing as a priestly vocation. Few men have invested the role of a man of letters with more dignity.

If Beckett's art is deep, it is also narrow. The world outside his mind does not exist. The sense of place and society that saturates Joyce is missing in Beckett. Nor does he display Kafka's piety before systems and forces outside himself which may bring him to judgment. Poet Stephen Spender speaks of Beckett's "contempt for everyone and everything outside groping self-awareness." In a way, that is precisely his appeal to the contemporary personality, which is almost neurotically self-concerned and incessantly practices auto-analysis. It must be said for Beckett that his self-analysis has been honest and punishing. The concluding words of *The Unnamable* might comprise an epigraph in courage that knits him to his task and to buffeted and bewildered men everywhere: "Where I am, I don't know, I'll never know, in the silence you don't know, you must go on. I can't go on. I'll go on."

NEW PLAY

Blind Love

True or false?—The blind are just like other people except that they can't see.

True or false?—Mothers are possessive bishodies, but only because they have the best interests of their loved ones at heart.

True or false?—Women are fickle, but they always recognize Mr. Right when he comes along.

One may suspect of this true-or-false test by attending the tepid little Broadway comedy called *Butterflies Are Free*. Playwright Leonard Gershe's basic plot is an old chestnut, dropping with a slightly-pathetic spin: Blind Boy meets Girl. Blind Boy loses Girl. Blind Boy gets Girl.

The boy (Keir Dullea) has just made a brave gesture of self-sufficiency by setting up in his own East Village apartment. The girl (Blythe Danner) lives in the adjoining flat. They meet and bed-mate, only to have the boy's Mom arrive unexpectedly, as Moms expectably do in plays like this. Mom (Eileen Heckart) inspects the setup like a staff officer suddenly assigned to a colonial outpost full of weird natives and primitive sanitary facilities.

Heckart can growl and purr like a baritone sax, and she delivers her lines as if the playwright had delivered the goods. He has not. Gershe is only sporadically funny and never uniquely himself, but simply a one-man situation and gag file.

True to Mom's worst fears, the girl skitters off with another man before blind love's final victory. Cast as an aspiring actress, Blythe Danner puts on a studied display of spontaneity with much mannered fuss and fluster. With the lines Keir Dullea has been given, he would be better off mute.

HOMOSEXUALS WATCHING OLD MOVIES IN SAN FRANCISCO GAY BAR

The Homosexual: Newly Visible, Newly Understood

AN exclusive formal ball will mark Halloween in San Francisco this week. In couture gowns and elaborately concocted masquerades, the couples will whisk around the floor until 2 a.m., while judges award prizes for the best costumes and the participants elect an "Empress." By then the swirling belles will sound more and more deep-voiced, and in the early morning hours dark stubble will sprout irrepressibly through their Pan-Cake Make-Up. The celebrators are all homosexuals, and each year since 1962 the crowd at the annual "Beaux Arts Ball" has grown larger. Halloween is traditionally boys' night out, and similar events will take place in Los Angeles, New York, Houston and St. Louis.

Though they still seem fairly bizarre to most Americans, homosexuals have never been so visible, vocal or closely scrutinized by research. They throw public parties, frequent exclusively "gay" bars (70 in San Francisco alone), and figure sympathetically as the subjects of books, plays and films. Encouraged by the national climate of openness about sex of all kinds and the spirit of protest, male and female inverts have been organizing to claim civil rights for themselves as an aggrieved minority.

POLITICAL PRESSURE

Their new militancy makes other citizens edgy, and it can be shrill. Hurling rocks and bottles and wielding a parking meter that had been wrenched out of the sidewalk, homosexuals rioted last summer in New York's Greenwich Village after police closed one of the city's 50 all-gay bars and clubs on an alleged liquor-law violation. Pressure from militant self-styled "homophiles" has forced political candidates' views about homosexuality into recent election campaigns in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Homosexuals have picketed businesses, the White House and the Pentagon, demanding an end to job discrimination and the right to serve in the Army

without a dishonorable discharge if their background is discovered.

Some 50 homophile organizations have announced their existence in cities across the country and on at least eight campuses. Best known are the Mattachine societies (named for 16th century Spanish masked court jesters), and the Daughters of Bilitis (after French poet Pierre Louÿs' *The Songs of Bilitis*, a 19th century series of lyrics glorifying lesbian love). W. Dorr Legg, educational director at Los Angeles' 17-year-old ONE, Inc., claims, "I won't be happy until all churches give homosexual dances and parents are sitting in the balcony saying 'Don't John and Henry look cute dancing together?'" Radical groups such as the Gay Liberation Front chant "Gay power" and "Gay is good" and turgidly call for "the Revolution of Free and Frequent Polysexuality."

Last week's report in the National Institute of Mental Health (*TIME*, Oct. 24) urged legalization of private homosexual acts between adults who agree to them.* It was the latest sign that the militants are finding grudging tolerance and some support in the "straight" community. The Federal Appeals Court in Washington, D.C., for example, has responded to a recent case by declaring that a governmental agency could not dismiss an employee without first proving that his homosexuality would palpably interfere with the efficiency of the agency's operations. The *New York Times*, which for years shied from the word homosexual, in June permitted a homosexual writing under his own name. Freelance Critic Donn Teal, to contribute an article on "gay" themes in theater. In large cities, homosexuals have reached tacit agreements with police that give them the *de facto* right to their own social life.

Homosexual organizations across the country run discussion groups and record hops. A San Francisco group known as S.I.R. (Society for Individual Rights) organizes ice-skating parties, chess clubs and bowling leagues. Nor is it necessary for a homosexual to join a homophile organization to enjoy a full social life: homosexuals often are the parlor darlings of wealthy ladies ("tag hags"). Marriage in these circles can involve a homosexual and a busy career woman who coolly take the vows for companionship—and so that they can pool their incomes and tax benefits for a glittering round of entertaining.

SEDUCTION AND SODOMY

Homosexuals with growing frequency have sought the anonymity and comparative permissiveness of big cities. It is this concentration of homosexuals in urban neighborhoods rather than any real growth in their relative numbers that has increased their visibility and made possible their assertiveness. According to the Kinsey reports, still the basic source for statistics on the subject, 10% of American men have long periods of more or less exclusive homosexuality; only 4% (2% of women) are exclusively homosexual all their lives. These may be inflated figures, but most experts think that the proportion of homosexuals in the U.S. adult population has not changed drastically since Kinsey did his survey, giving the country currently about 2,600,000 men and 1,400,000 women who are exclusively homosexual. Despite popular belief, these numbers are not substantially increased by seduction: most experts now believe that an individual's sex drives are firmly fixed in childhood.

Inevitably, the homosexual life has attracted eager entrepreneurs. A firm in Great Neck, N.Y., runs a computer-dating service for homosexuals; San Francisco's Adonis bookstore has some 360 different magazines on display that carry everything from lascivious photos of

* Three dissenting members of the study group shied away from making policy recommendations, claiming that the issues were moral and not scientific in nature.

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nude men to reports on the homophile movement and lovemorn advice by "Madame Soto-Voce." Police and homosexuals agree that operating a gay bar is still an occupation that often appeals to Mafiosi. In New York City, sleazy movie houses along Broadway now match their traditional offerings of cheesecake with "heefecake."

Off-Broadway producers have found that homosexuals will flock to plays about themselves. Yet most dramas about deviates are written for heterosexual audiences. The New York stage currently offers John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*, Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band* and John Herbert's *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, a 1967 drama about prison life. Revived last week in a new production, it has been rewritten



LOOKING FOR PICKUPS IN MANHATTAN PARK
Insecurity means promiscuity.

so that a scene of forcible sodomy that used to take place out of the audience's sight is now grimly visible (though simulated). In movies, too, homosexuality is the vogue: *Staircase*, starring Rex Harrison and Richard Burton, *Midnight Cowboy* and Fellini's forthcoming *Satyricon*. On the lesbian side there are *The Fox*, *Thérèse and Isabelle*, and *The Killing of Sister George*.

The quality of these works ranges from excellent to nauseating. But it is a fact that treatment of the theme has changed. "Homosexuality used to be a sensational gimmick," says Playwright Crowley. "The big revelation in the third act was that the guy was homosexual, and then he had to go off-stage and blow his brains out. It was associated with sin, and there had to be retribution." These days a movie or play can end, as *Staircase* does, with a homosexual couple still together, or as *Boys in the Band* winds up, with two squabbling male lovers trying desperately to save their relationship. Beyond that, the homosexual is a special kind of anti-hero; his emergence on center

stage reflects the same sympathy for outsiders that has transformed oddballs and criminals from enemies into heroic rebels against society in such films as *Bonnie and Clyde* and *Alice's Restaurant*.

Is there a homosexual conspiracy afoot to dominate the arts and other fields? Sometimes it seems that way. The presence of talented homosexuals in the field of classical music, among composers, performers, conductors and management, has sometimes led to charges by disappointed outsiders that the music world is a closed circle. The same applies to the theater, the art world, painting, dance, fashion, hair-dressing and interior design, where a kind of "homintern" exists: a gay boss will often use his influence to help gay friends. The process is not unlike the ethnic favoritism that prevails in some companies and in big-city political machines; with a special sulky twist, it can be vicious to outsiders. Yet homosexual influence has probably been exaggerated. The homosexual cannot go too far in foisting off on others his own preferences: the public that buys the tickets or the clothes is overwhelmingly heterosexual. Genuine talent is in such demand that entrepreneurs who pass it by on the grounds of sex preference alone may well suffer a flop or other damage to their own reputations.

THE DARK SIDE OF LOVE

Discrimination aside, what about the more indirect propagation of homosexual points of view? Homosexual taste can fall into a particular kind of self-indulgence as the homosexual revenges himself on a hostile world by writing grotesque exaggerations of straight customs, concentrates on superficial stylistic furbelows or develops a "campy" fetish for old movies. Somerset Maugham once said of the homosexual artist that "with his keen insight and quick sensibility, he can pierce the depths, but in his innate frivolity he fetches up from them not a priceless jewel but a tinsel ornament."

In many cases, including Maugham's own, that is an exaggeration. Indeed the talented homosexual's role as an outsider, far from disqualifying him from commenting on life, may often sharpen his insight and esthetic sensibility. From Sappho to Colette to Oscar Wilde and James Baldwin, homosexual authors have memorably celebrated love—and not always in homosexual terms. For example, W. H. Auden's *Lullaby*: "Lay your sleeping head, my love Human on my faithless arm"—must rank as one of the 20th century's most exquisite love lyrics.

In recent years, writes Critic Benjamin DeMott, "the most intense accounts of domestic life and problems, as well as the few unembarrassed passionate love poems, have been the work of writers who are not heterosexual. . . . Tennessee Williams, Edward Albee, Allen Ginsberg, Jean Genet and Auden. They have a steady consciousness of a dark side of

love that is neither homo- nor heterosexual but simply human." New York Times Drama Critic Clive Barnes muses, "Creativity might be a sort of psychic disturbance itself, mightn't it? Artists are not particularly happy people anyway."

Despite the homosexual's position in the arts, it is easy to overestimate the acceptance he has achieved elsewhere. Most straight Americans still regard the invert with a mixture of revulsion and apprehension, to which some authorities have given the special diagnostic name of homosexual panic. A Louis Harris poll released last week reported that 63% of the nation consider homosexuals "harmful to American life," and even the most tolerant parents nervously watch their children for real or imagined signs of homosexuality, breathing sighs of relief



HARRISON & BURTON IN "STAIRCASE"
Some support among the straights.

when their boy or girl finally begins dating the opposite sex.

Such homophobia is based on understandable instincts among straight people, but it also involves innumerable misconceptions and oversimplifications. The worst of these may well be that all homosexuals are alike. In fact, recent research has uncovered a large variation among homosexual types. With some overlap, they include:

THE BLATANT HOMOSEXUAL. Chaucer's Pardoner in *The Canterbury Tales* had a voice "small as a goat's." He had no beard nor ever would have, his face was as smooth as if lately shaven; I trow he were a mare or a gelding. This is the cunuch-like caricature of femininity that most people associate with homosexuality. In the 1960s he may be the catty hair-dresser or the lisping, limp-wristed interior decorator. His lesbian counterpart is the "butch," the girl who is aggressively masculine to the point of trying to look like a man. Blatants also include "leather boys," who advertise their sadomasochism by wearing leather jackets and chains; and certain transvestites; or

"Tvs." (Other transvestites are not homosexuals at all and, while they enjoy dressing in female clothing, may also have women as sex partners.)

Actually, such stereotype "queers" are a distinct minority. Paul Gebhard, director of Alfred Kinsey's Institute for Sex Research, estimates that only around 10% of all homosexuals are immediately recognizable. Blatants often draw sneers from other homosexuals, and in fact many of them are only going through a

phase. Having recently "come out"—admitted their condition and joined the homosexual world—they feel insecure in their new roles and try to re-create their personalities from scratch. Behaving the way they think gay people are supposed to behave, they too temporarily fall victim to the myth.

THE SECRET LIFER. The other 90% of the nation's committed inverters are hidden from all but their friends, lovers, and occasionally, psychiatrists. Their

wrists are rigid, their "s's" well formed; they prefer subdued clothes and close-cropped hair, and these days may dress more conservatively than flamboyant straights. Many wear wedding rings and have wives, children and employers who never know. They range across all classes, all races, all occupations. To lead their double lives these full or part-time homosexuals must "pass" as straight, and most are extremely skilled at camouflage. They can cynically tell

Four Lives in the Gay World

The personal experiences related below are those of a male homosexual, a lesbian and a girl who calls herself bisexual, and a former homosexual who has undergone extensive psychotherapy. In otherwise candid interviews with TIME correspondents, all four requested that they be identified by pseudonyms.

CHARLES ELLIOTT, 40, OWNS A SUCCESSFUL business in Los Angeles. In the den of his \$60,000 house he has a bronze profile of Abe Lincoln on the wall and a copy of *Playboy* on the coffee table. Wearing faded chinos and a button-down Oxford shirt, he looks far more subdued than the average Hollywood male; he might be the happily married coach of a college basketball team—and a thoroughgoing heterosexual. In fact, his male lover for the past three months has been a 21-year-old college student. He says: "I live in a completely gay world. My lawyer is gay, my doctor is gay, my dentist is gay, my banker is gay. The only person who is not gay is my housekeeper, and sometimes I wonder how he puts up with us."

Elliott has never been to an analyst; introspection is not his forte. Why did he become homosexual? "Well, my mother was an alcoholic; my brother and I ate alone every night. I was the person who always went to the circus with the chauffeur. But I wouldn't say I was exactly sad as a child; I was rather outward-going." He went to prep school at Hotchkiss, and on to Yale. There he discovered his homosexual tendencies.

Elliott returned home to Chicago to run the family business; to maintain his status in the community, he married. It lasted five months. After the divorce he married again, this time for two years: "She began to notice that I didn't enjoy sex, and that finally broke it up. I don't think she knows even today that I am a homosexual."

It took ten years to make Elliott give up his double life in Chicago for the uninhibited world of Los Angeles. He avoids the gay bars, instead throws catered parties around his pool. "I suppose most of my neighbors know," he says. "When you have 100 men over to your house for cocktails, people are going to suspect something. Now that I no longer try to cope with the straight world, I feel much happier."

"If Katie were a man, I would marry her and be faithful to her the rest of my life." So vows Rachel Porter, 21, who is slightly plump, wears her blonde hair in a pert pixy cut, and works as a secretary in a Manhattan publishing firm. Rachel has been seeing Katie Burns, a tall, strikingly handsome private secretary in a large corporation, for three years now, and sharing an apartment with her for three months. Yet Rachel's feelings are mixed. "I don't really say to this day that I am a lesbian," she says. "I'm bisexual. My interests are definitely guys, and eventually I'd like to have a child or two, probably out of wedlock." Katie, by contrast, in the past three years has given up dates with men.

Rachel grew up in the large family of a plumber who was too poor to send her to college. "I probably wouldn't know that a good relationship was possible if it wasn't for my mother and father. I was pretty much of a loner, and to this day I do horrible things like going to the movies alone. I never had a crush on a girl; I had an affair with a boy behind my parents' back when I was 18."

Rachel met Katie shortly after that affair ended. "Gradually there was definitely a growing feeling," she recalls. "When I realized it, I was very upset. I didn't want to be gay. When I first went to a psychologist, I thought, 'Gee, I'm such a creep!' I thought that being in love with a girl made me a boy. He told me that I must certainly was not a boy. I couldn't erase the fact that I loved another woman, but I began thinking that as long as I was a woman too, things couldn't be all that bad."

Rachel and Katie have both told their parents about their relationship. "Our mothers both said, 'You're my daughter and I love you anyway,'" says Rachel. They refuse to live an exclusively gay life and engage in tennis, horseback riding and softball games with a circle of many straight friends (who also know the nature of their relationship). Muses Rachel: "Do I see myself living with Katie the rest of my life? Off and on, yes. I will probably date, because it's nice to get involved with other people, but that's difficult to work out. I certainly don't think our relationship ought to be exclusive. All I know is that life ought to be loving."

What was it like to be gay? "There were peaks and valleys of despair," says Tom Kramer, 28, a tall New York City public relations man who was a practicing homosexual until 21 years ago. "Throughout high school and college, I would try to put it out of my mind. I had sissified gestures, and when I was with people I would concentrate on not using them. I would constantly think they were talking about my homosexuality behind my back. In my homosexual contacts, I'd try to be surreptitious, not telling my name or what kind of work I did. When I read about somebody being a pervert, it was like a slap in the face—'my God, that's what I am!'"

Two years after college, and weighed down with feelings of hopelessness, Tom heard that therapy was possible for homosexuals and went into treatment with an analyst. His prognosis was good: unlike many homosexuals, he desperately wanted to change. Twice a week for two years he discussed his past: the disciplinary father who said Tom should have got straight A's when he got only A-minuses; the mother who made Tom her favorite. Gradually, Tom says, "I learned that my homosexuality was a way of handling anxiety. Some men drink. My way was homosexuality."

The process went slowly. Strengthened by insights gained in treatment, at one point Tom finally brought himself to kiss a girl good night—and became so terrified that he "cruised" on the way home for a homosexual partner. Two and a half years ago, however, he had his last male assignation, and several months later he "met a wonderful girl. We dated steadily. We had an affair. It was the first time I had had actual intercourse, and it was the happiest moment of my life." Six months ago, he and the girl were married.

Tom is still in analysis, attempting to cope with problems stemming from the same fears that led to his homosexuality. But he is self-confident about sex. "Women arouse me now," he says. "It's a total reversal." He has discussed his therapy with homosexual friends and urged them to attempt the same thing—so far without success. Ironically, though he is no longer attracted to them sexually, Tom says: "I like men better now than I did before. I'm no longer afraid of them."



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—or at least smile at—jokes about “queers”; they fake enjoyment when their boss throws a stag party with nude movies.

THE DESPERATE Members of this group are likely to haunt public toilets (“tearooms”) or Turkish baths. They may be pathologically driven to sex but emotionally unable to face the slightest strains of sustaining a serious human relationship, or they may be married men who hope to conceal their need by making their contacts as anonymous as possible.

THE ADJUSTED By contrast, they lead relatively conventional lives. They have a regular circle of friends and hold jobs, much like Los Angeles Businessman “Charles Elliott” or Manhattan Secretary “Rachel Porter,” described on page 62. Their social lives generally begin at the gay bars or in rounds of private parties. Often they try to settle

found that almost 40% of white American males and 13% of females have some overt sexual experience to orgasm with a person of their own sex between adolescence and old age. Yet a careful analysis of the figures shows that most of these experiences are only temporary deviations. In prisons and occasionally in the armed forces,* for example, no women are available. Thus the men frequently turn to homosexual contacts, some in order to reassert their masculinity and recapture a feeling of dominance.

The homosexual subculture, a semi-public world, is, without question, shallow and unstable. Researchers now think that these qualities, while inherent in many homosexuals, are also induced and inflamed by social pressures. The notion that homosexuals cause crime is a homophobic myth: studies of sex offenders show that homosexuals are no

come impersonal “meat racks”—not unlike “swinger” bars for heterosexual singles—whose common denominator is little more than sex. Keeping a gay marriage together requires unusual determination, since the partners have no legal contract to stay together for worse or better; there are no children to focus the couple's concern.

The strain of the covert life shows clearly in brittle homosexual humor, which swings between a defensive mockery of the outside world and a self-hating scorn for the gay one. Recent research projects at the Indiana sex research institute and elsewhere have sought out homosexuals who are not troubled enough to come to psychiatrists and social workers and have found them no worse adjusted than many heterosexuals. Nonetheless, when 300 New York homosexuals were polled several years ago, only 2% said that they would want a son of theirs to be a homosexual. Homophile activists contend that there would be more happy homosexuals if society were more compassionate; still, for the time being at least, there is a savage ring of truth to the now famous line from *The Boys in the Band*: “Show me a happy homosexual, and I’ll show you a gay corpse.”

HOW AND WHY?

What leads to homosexuality? No one knows for sure, and many of the explanations seem overly simple and unnecessarily doctrinaire. Sociologist Gagnon says: “We may eventually conclude that there are as many causes for homosexuality as there are for mental retardation—and as many kinds of it.”

The only thing most experts agree on is that homosexuality is not a result of any kinky gene or hormone predispositions—at least none that can be detected by present techniques. Male and female homosexuals do not constitute a “third sex”; biologically, they are full men and women.

The reason that the invert's sex behavior is not dictated by his anatomy is related to a remarkable finding of sex researchers: no one becomes fully male or female automatically. The diverse psychological components of masculinity and femininity—“gender role identity”—are learned. Gender is like language, says Johns Hopkins University Medical Psychologist John Money: “Genetics ordains only that language can develop, not whether it will be Nahuatl, Arabic or English.”

This does not mean that homosexuality is latent in all mature humans, as has been widely believed from a misreading of Freud. In American culture, sex roles are most powerfully determined in the home, and at such a young age (generally in the first few years of life) that the psychological identity of most homosexuals—like that of most heterosexuals—is set before they know it. In the case of homosexuality, parents with emotional problems can be a powerful cause, leaving their child without a sol-



GAY LIBERATION FRONT PICKETING IN MANHATTAN
In some areas, there is a kind of homintern.

down with a regular lover, and although these liaisons are generally short-lived among men, some develop into so-called “gay marriages,” like the 14-year union between poets Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky.

THE BISEXUAL Many married homosexuals are merely engaging in “alibi sex,” faking enjoyment of intercourse with their wives. Some researchers, however, have found a number of men and women who have a definite preference for their own sex but engage in occasional activity with the opposite sex and enjoy it. The description of Julius Caesar's protean sex life probably contained a core of fact: “He was every man's wife and every woman's husband.” (Caesar's wife was a different case.)

THE SITUATIONAL-EXPERIMENTAL He is a man who engages in homosexual acts without any deep homosexual motivation. The two Kinsey reports

more likely to molest young children than are heterosexuals. Homosexuals are more likely to be victims of crime; Sociologists John Gagnon, of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and William Simon, of the Illinois Institute of Juvenile Research, in a recent survey of homosexuals found that only 10% of them had ever been arrested; by contrast, 10% had been blackmailed and over 25% had been robbed, frequently after being attacked and beaten.

Insecurity and promiscuity go hand in hand. One man told U.C.I.A. Researcher Evelyn Hooker that he had had relations with 1,500 different partners during a 15-year span. Since homosexual couples cannot comfortably meet in mixed company, the gay bars be-

* As Winston Churchill said of the traditions of the Royal Navy just before World War I: “What are they? Rum, sodomy and the lash.”

id identification with the parent of the same sex and with deeply divided feelings for the parent of the opposite sex. In an exhaustive study of homosexuals in therapy, a group of researchers headed by Psychoanalyst Irving Bieber observed that a large number of homosexuals came from families where the father was either hostile, aloof or ineffectual and where the mother was close-binding and inappropriately intimate (CBI in scientific jargon). Bieber's wife, Psychologist Toby Bieber, has found many of the same patterns in the parents of lesbians, although in reverse.

Yet scientists have begun to realize that the homosexual hang-up is not exclusively homemade. For one thing, social pressures can unbalance parents' child-raising practices. Marvin Opler, an anthropologist trained in psychoanalysis who teaches at the State University of New York at Buffalo, says that West-

him freeze up with girls in another way. He may start to think that it everyone considers him a homosexual, he must be one. Many schools compound the problem by enshrining the supreme and overemphasizing sports. The inevitable peer group yelling "Sissy!" at the drop of a fly ball can also start the long and complicated process by which a boy can come to think of himself as "different."

So potent is the power of suggestion, says Psychologist Evelyn Hooker, that one male need never have been sexually aroused by another to begin thinking of himself as gay. The unathletic, small, physically attractive youth is particularly prone to being singled out for "sissyhood," and authorities agree that it is this social selection rather than anything genetic that makes homosexuality somewhat more common among so-called "pretty boys."

Most experts agree that a child will not become a homosexual unless he undergoes many emotionally disturbing experiences during the course of several years. A boy who likes dolls or engages in occasional homosexual experiments is not necessarily "queer": such activities are often a normal part of growing up. On the other hand, a child who becomes preoccupied with such interests or is constantly ill at ease with the opposite sex obviously needs some form of psychiatric counseling. While only about one-third of confirmed adult inverts can be helped to change, therapists agree that a much larger number of "prehomosexual" children can be treated successfully.

CHANGING SEXUAL ROLES

A more elusive question is whether or to what extent homosexuality and acceptance of it may be symptoms of social decline. For varying reasons, homosexual relations have been condoned and at times even encouraged among certain males in many primitive societies that anthropologists have studied. However, few scholars have been able to determine that homosexuality had any effect on the functioning of those cultures. At their fullest flowering, the Persian, Greek, Roman and Moslem civilizations permitted a measure of homosexuality; as they decayed, it became more prevalent. Sexual deviance of every variety was common during the Nazis' virulent and corrupt rule of Germany.

Homosexuality was also common in Elizabethan England's atmosphere of wholesale permissiveness. Yet the era not only produced one of the most robust literary and intellectual outpourings the world has ever known but also laid the groundwork for Britain's later imperial primacy—during which time homosexuality became increasingly stigmatized.

In the U.S. today, homosexuality has scarcely reached the proportions of a symptom of widespread decadence (though visitors sometimes wonder as



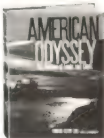
"DRAG" QUEENS PARADING
Adding beefcake to the cheesecake.

ern culture generally, and the U.S. in particular, puts such a high premium on male competition and dominance that men easily become afraid that they are not measuring up, and take out their frustrations by being hostile to their sons.

The accepted notion that boys and girls should ignore each other until puberty and then concentrate heavily on dating can also distort parental attitudes. If a mother catches a little boy playing doctor with a little girl under the porch and tells him he has been bad, says Gebhard, she may be subtly telling him that sex with girls is bad: "Anything that discourages heterosexuality encourages homosexuality." If an up-tight parent or teacher catches an impressionable adolescent boy in sexual experiments with other boys and leaps to the conclusion that he is a homosexual, the scoldings he gets may make

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they observe the lounging male whores on New York's Third Avenue or encounter male couples embracing effusively in public parks). Still, the acceptance or rejection of homosexuality does raise questions about the moral values of the society: its hedonism, its concern with individual "identity." The current conceptions of what causes homosexuality also pose a fundamental challenge to traditional ideas about the proper role to be played by all men and women. In recent years, Americans have learned that a man need not be a Met pitcher or suburban Don Juan to be masculine; the most virile male might well be a choreographer or a far-out artist. Similarly, as more and more women become dissatisfied with their traditional roles, Americans may better understand that a female can hold a highly competitive job—or drive a truck—without being forced to sacrifice her sexuality or the satisfactions of child rearing. A nation that softens the long and rigid separation of roles for men and women is also less likely to condemn the homosexual and confine him to a netherworld existence.

MORALITY AND TOLERANCE

The case for greater tolerance of homosexuals is simple. Undue discrimination wastes talents that might be working for society. Police harassment, which still lingers in many cities and more small towns, despite a growing live-and-let-live attitude, wastes manpower and creates unnecessary suffering. The laws against homosexual acts also suggest that the nation cares more about enforcing private morality than it does about preventing violent crime. To be sure, it is likely that a more permissive atmosphere might convince many people, particularly adolescents, that a homosexual urge need not be resisted since the condition would, after all, be "respectable." On the other hand, greater tolerance might mitigate extreme fear of not being able to live up to exaggerated standards of heterosexual performance—and might thus reduce the number of committed homosexuals.

A violently argued issue these days is whether the confirmed homosexual is mentally ill. Psychoanalysts insist that homosexuality is a form of sickness; most homosexuals and many experts counter that the medical concept only removes the already fading stigma of sin, and replaces it with the charge—even more pejorative nowadays—that homosexuality is pathological. The answers will importantly influence society's underlying attitude (see *TIME* symposium). While homosexuality is a serious and sometimes crippling maladjustment, research has made clear that it is no longer necessary or morally justifiable to treat all inverts as outcasts. The challenge to American society is simultaneously to devise civilized ways of discouraging the condition and to alleviate the anguish of those who cannot be helped, or do not wish to be.



WEEKS



KAMENY



TIGER

A Discussion: Are Homosexuals Sick?

One of the crucial issues in the public discussion about homosexuality is whether or not the condition is a mental illness. To try to find out, *TIME* asked eight experts on homosexuality—including two admitted homosexuals—to discuss the subject at a symposium in New York City. The participants: Robin Fox, British-born anthropologist at Rutgers University; John Gagnon, sociologist at the State University of New York; Lionel Tiger, a Canadian sociologist also at Rutgers; Wardell Pomeroy, a psychologist who co-authored the Kinsey reports on men and on women and who is now a psychotherapist; Dr. Charles Socarides, a psychoanalyst who has seen scores of homosexuals in therapy and is associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in The Bronx; the Rev. Robert Weeks, an Episcopal priest who has arranged for the meetings of a homosexual discussion group to take place at his Manhattan church; Dick Leitsch, a homosexual who is executive director of the Mattachine Society of New York; and Franklin Kameny, an astronomer and homosexual who is founder-president of the Mattachine Society of Washington.

Kameny: All the homosexuals whom you have explored in depth were patients or others in clinical circumstances. So how do you know that all the ones who wouldn't come near you are sick and suffer from severe anxieties?

Socarides: We do hear, from people who are in treatment, about their friends in homosexual life and some of these also come to us. They see around them a complete disaster to their lives. They see that the most meaningful human relationship is denied them—the male-female relationship.

Tiger: There is a lack of a tragic sense here. All people have problems. I have all kinds of anxieties; everybody I know has anxieties. Some of them are severe; some of them are not severe. Often they are severe at different stages of the life cycle and for different reasons. To pick on homosexuals in this particular way, as on Communists or Moslems in another, is to shortchange their option for their own personal destiny.

Socarides: By God, they should live in the homosexual world if they want to! No one is arguing that point; no

one is trying to say that a homosexual should be forced to seek help. Everybody is now saying that the homosexual needs compassion and understanding, the way the neurotic does or anybody else suffering from any illness. That is true. I agree with that.

Weeks: I think that historically the church has had a very hypocritical view of homosexuality. Instead of accepting the totality of sexuality, the church is still a little uncomfortable with the total sexual response; it still insists that people conform to a certain type of sexual behavior.

Fox: I was talking to a very pretty American girl recently who said that her first reaction to European males was one of considerable shock because the kind of touching behavior, the kind of behavior between males, was something that she would have been horrified to see in the men she had grown up with. This strikes me as a very American attitude, because of its rigidity, because of its absolute exclusiveness, because of its treatment of this as something horrible and beyond the pale.

Gagnon: There is no explanation for this attitude unless you want to take Ken Tynan's explanation, which is that people think that people ought to be alike, and anyone who didn't get wife, have spear and carry shield was had jujū, and you threw him out of the crowd.

Leitsch: It has always struck me that one of the primary reasons for the American attitude toward homosexuality is that we are so close to our agrarian background. When America was first settled, we had a hell of a big country to fill up, and we had to fill it up in a hurry. We have never been big enough to be decadent before.

Fox: Yes, America has to learn to be decadent gracefully. I think.

Weeks: I just finished counseling a person who was addicted to the men's room in Grand Central Station. He knows he is going to get busted by the cops; yet he has to go there every day. I think I did succeed in getting him to cease going to the Grand Central men's room, perhaps in favor of gay bars. This is a tremendous therapeutic gain for this particular man. But he is sick; he does need help. However, I don't think Dr. Socarides is talking about people like another acquaintance of mine.



FOX

SOCARIDES

LEITSCH

GAGNON

POMEROY

a man who has been "married" to another homosexual for fifteen years. Both of them are very happy and very much in love. They asked me to bless their marriage, and I am going to do it.

Pomero: I think they are beautiful. I don't think they are sick at all.

Socarides: In medicine we are taught that sickness is the failure of function. For example, a gall bladder is pathological precisely when it ceases to function or its functioning is impaired. A human being is sick when he fails to function in his appropriate gender identity, which is appropriate to his anatomy. A homosexual who has no other choice is sick in this particular way. Is the man who goes to the "tearooms" any more or less sick than the two men in this "married" relationship? No. I think they are all the same. However, I think that perhaps the element of masochism or self-punitive behavior is greater in the man who will go openly, publicly, and endanger himself in this particular way.

Fox: You seem to say that the anxieties provoke a homosexual into seeking a partner of the same sex. Isn't it possible that he prefers such a partner, and that this provokes anxieties?

Socarides: If his actions are a matter of preference, then he would not be considered a true obligatory homosexual.

Gagnon: I am troubled here by the sense of intellectual and historical narrowness. We should not get hung up on the 20th century nuclear family as the natural order of man, living in the suburbs and having three kids, or on the kind of Viennese-Jewish comparison that Freud really created. All of a sudden, I find a new penisology—that somehow the shape of the penis and of the vagina dictate the shape of human character. I have a minimum definition of mental health. You don't end up in a psychiatrist's office or in the hands of the police, you stay out of jail, you keep a job, you pay your taxes, and you don't worry people too much. That is called mental health. Nobody ever gets out of it alive. There is no way to succeed.

Socarides: It is a very bitter definition. Freud's test was a person's ability to have a healthy sexual relationship with a person of the opposite sex and to enjoy his work.

Fox: A psychoanalyst says that we are destined to heterosexual union, and anything that deviates from this must by definition be sick. This is nonsense even in animal terms. Animal commu-

nities can tolerate quite a lot of homosexual relationships. The beautiful paradigm of this is geese. Two male geese can form a bond that is exactly like the bond between males and females. They function as a male-female pair; and geese, as far as I can see, are a very successful species.

So far as the two "married" individuals are concerned, they are engaged in what to them is a meaningful and satisfying relationship. What I would define as a sick person in sexual terms would be someone who could not go through the full sequence of sexual activity, from seeing and admiring to following, speaking, touching, and genital contact. A rapist, a person who makes obscene telephone calls—these seem to me sick people, and I don't think it matters a damn whether the other person is of the same sex or not.

Socarides: The homosexuals who come to our offices tell us: "We are alone, we are despairing, we cannot join the homosexual society—this would be giving up. We like what they are doing, but we will not join them in terms of calling ourselves normal. We are giving up our heritage, our very lives. We know how we suffer. Only you will know how we suffer, because we will tell only you how we suffer." As a physician, I am bothered by this, because I deal with the suffering of human beings.

Pomero: I am not speaking facetiously, but I think it would be best to say that all homosexuals are sick, that all heterosexuals are sick, that the population is sick. Let us get rid of this term and look at people as people. I have heard psychiatrists perfectly soberly say that 95% of all the population in the U.S. is mentally ill.

Gagnon: The issue is that the society can afford it and the homosexuals cannot. The society can afford 4% of its population to be homosexuals and treat them as it wishes, as it does the 10% who are black. The homosexual pays a terrible price for the way the society runs itself. This is central to the daily life of the homosexual. Can he get a job? Can he do this? Can he do that? If we took the law off the books tomorrow, the homosexual would still pay a very high price.

Kaneny: One of the major problems we have to face is the consequences of these attitudes, which are poisonous to the individual's self-esteem and self-confidence. The individual is brainwashed

into a sense of his own inferiority, just as other minorities are. When we are told "You are sick," and "You are mentally ill," that finishes the destruction.

Pomero: If I were to base my judgment of homosexuals, both male and female, on the people who come to me in my practice, I think I would agree that they are sick, that they are upset in many, many different ways. But I had 20 years of research experience prior to this, in which I found literally hundreds of people who would never go to a therapist. They don't want help. They are happy homosexuals.

Socarides: I guess some of you feel that obligatory homosexuality is not an illness, that homosexuality should be proposed as a normal form of sexuality to all individuals. I think that this would be a disaster. A little boy might go next door to the Y and an older man might say to him, "Look, this is normal, my son. Just join me in this." If you sell this bill of goods to the nation, you are doing irreparable harm, and there will be a tremendous backlash against the homosexual.

Fox: I went through the English school system, which everybody knows is a homosexual system in the very fullest sense. Speaking as an obligatory heterosexual on behalf of myself and the other 90%, we went through it, we enjoyed it, we came out the other end, and we are fine. Some people have strayed about somewhere in the middle. This notion, therefore, that if you catch somebody and tell him that homosexuality is normal and practice it with him, he is necessarily going to get stuck in it, is absolutely nonsense. And I cite my three daughters as evidence.

Socarides: The only place to get the material that will tell us the truth about what the homosexual suffers is in-depth analysis. Sociologists, anthropologists, even psychologists do not tell us what is going on in the basic psyche of the homosexual. I believe we should change the laws. I believe that homosexuals have been persecuted. The homosexual must be seen as a full-fledged citizen in a free society and must be given all the rights and prerogatives that all other citizens enjoy, neither more nor less. I think, however, that we must do one other thing. It must be declared that homosexuality is a form of emotional illness, which can be treated, that these people can be helped.

Kaneny: With that, you will surely destroy us.



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS Reformists in Command

By calling together the second Synod of Bishops, Pope Paul VI had hoped to gauge—and to control—the growing resentment against his absolute rule. Instead, after last week's discussions in the Vatican's Hall of Broken Heads, reformists out to curb the Pontiff's power were clearly in command. The 144 assembled prelates, in fact, had taken a groping first step toward something resembling parliamentary government in the Roman Catholic Church.

This week the bishops will vote on a summary of reforms drawn up after days of debates and vigorous lobbying, which drew hundreds of newsmen from all over the world (see THE PRESS, overleaf). The recommendations from nine working committees—in which the prelates were grouped according to their language of preference—were strikingly similar in spirit, and often in details as well. In general, they expressed serious reservations about the way papal authority is being exercised.

Among the proposed reforms:

- ▶ The Pope should consult the bishops before issuing major statements and decrees, like last year's *Humanae Vitae* encyclical opposing artificial birth control.
- ▶ The synod should meet regularly and decide on its own agenda—instead of being called when the Pope sees fit to discuss an agenda that he puts before it.
- ▶ A permanent committee should represent the bishops in Rome so that they can more directly express their views to the Vatican.
- ▶ The concept of "subsidiarity"—the idea that a higher level of authority should never intervene in matters within the competence of a lower one—should be strengthened.

The French-speaking group of prelates, which included the synod's leading reformist, Leo-Jozef Cardinal Suenens of Belgium, made some of the most radical recommendations. It raised the possibility of bishops becoming involved in the election of the Pope; it also urged that the Roman Curia serve the church's bishops as well as the Pope.

Curbing the Curia. One committee of English-speaking prelates that included Detroit's John Cardinal Dearden suggested that papal nuncios be bypassed in most communications between national episcopates and the Vatican. Another English-speaking group asked that the Roman Curia stop using the expression "the Holy Father says" and giving the impression that it speaks in the name of the Pope when, in fact, it is speaking for itself. Nor, it said, should the Curia issue decrees or make major press statements without informing the concerned bishops beforehand.

The Latin and Italian groups—in which most Curia members and papal appointees gathered—kept closer to the



POPE PAUL VI

To reconcile primacy with collegiality.

status quo. They suggested that the synod have some voice in choosing its own agenda but continue to be convened only at the Pope's pleasure. "Synods should never be a way of 'getting the Pope,'" said John Cardinal Wright, former Bishop of Pittsburgh and now head of the Vatican's Congregation of the Clergy. He warned that yearly synods could become a prime example of Parkinson's Law and a burden to all.

Despite the criticism, the mood of the gathering was one of elation over what England's John Cardinal Heenan described as the "tolerance and charity" of the bishops. The prevailing sentiment of the synod was so clearly in favor of reforms that it seemed unlikely that the Pope could long avoid implementing them. But no one challenged the Pontiff's supreme authority, or his right to delay acting upon or even to ignore what the prelates recommended.

What will come of the reforms lies entirely in the hands of Pope Paul. Describing himself as a spectator who did not want to interfere with the synod's "complete liberty," he listened attentively to synod speeches at five of the seven sessions and scribbled notes. During intermissions, he mingled with the prelates over coffee and biscuits in the daily clerical kaffeeklatch.

But during his regular public audience last week, the Pope resorted to unusually outspoken terms to make it clear that any sharing of his authority will have to come gradually. The church, he said, "is a spiritual and religious fact. Faith generates it. Authority directs it. The Holy Spirit enlivens it. It cannot be changed at will."

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THE PRESS

REPORTING

How to Cover the Vatican Without Really Praying

At the end of the Second Vatican Council in 1965, an American reporter compared Vatican watching with Kremlin watching—unfavorably. The Kremlin, he argued, at least had some concern for world opinion. The comparison may have been exaggerated, but it reflected the traditional frustrations of newsmen trying to cover the capital of Roman Catholicism. Until 1966, for instance, there was no official Vatican press officer or any individual who could be singled out as a "Vatican spokesman." Even after the press office was set up, a reporter might wait a week to have a question answered, and then perhaps only with a "No comment." Newsmen covering the Bishops' Synod this month were therefore pleasantly surprised to find basic official information almost as plentiful as holy water at Easter.

True, the 650 accredited correspondents were not admitted to the synod sessions in the Hall of Broken Heads (where they would have outnumbered the bishops by more than 4 to 1). But if they couldn't go to the prelates, many of the notable prelates came to them to answer questions at the official press office. Vatican briefers daily provided extracts for attribution from every synod speech.

Why the improvement in Vatican press relations? Experienced correspondents doubt that Pope Paul VI (whose father was a newspaperman) is yet a complete believer in the virtues of a free and informed press, at least as far as Vatican affairs are concerned. More likely, the Vatican is simply reacting to reality. Newsmen will get information one way or another (there have al-

ways been paid informers within the papal enclave, and there still are); it is obviously better for the Vatican that at least some of the news at such an important conference come from official sources.

One unofficial source that has delighted journalists and displeased the Vatican is the liberal, scholarly International Documentation Center. Set up in Rome during Vatican II to provide the Dutch press with detailed background information, IDOC has since become an international clearinghouse for information on the renewal movement in all churches. During the synod, an offshoot of IDOC presented daily a panel of four theologians and historians to analyze the Vatican bulletins.

Crumbs with Wine. For \$30 a head, more than 100 correspondents were treated not only to auances but to the best show in town. Conservative priests pitched curves at the liberal panelists; ladies from obscure papers posed puzzles that glazed the panel's eyes; a German asked his questions in Latin; and an Englishman periodically stood up to say, with plaintive sincerity, "I don't understand."

After an hour of official briefing and an hour of unofficial panel analysis, many correspondents remained unsated. For them there was still perhaps the oldest method of probing the Vatican, a method used by diplomats, spies and merchants long before there were newspapers: taking a cleric to dinner. At such restaurants as Romolo's, where Raphael is supposed to have found his model for *The Baker's Daughter*, or Cratelli's, which also attracts a movie and theatrical crowd, the clergy last week responded as usual to the pleasures of the table, and crumbs of information mingled with the wine.

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ENVIRONMENT

THE HIGHWAY

How to Remove Billboards

With his garish ties and gaudy boots, Douglas T. Snarr, 35, comes on like a big bad billboard. He is, indeed, the founder and president of Snarr Advertising, Inc., which owns 1,600 outdoor signs in 13 Western states. Yet Doug Snarr has also become a one-man lobby to ban billboards from any rural road built with federal financial help.

Why? First, because the Highway Beautification Act of 1965 commands such a ban—and Snarr stoutly insists that "when a law is enacted, it ought to be implemented." Second, if the law

Snarr is confident that things will improve. After all, his whole life has been spent meeting challenges, including a childhood stutter, three Golden Gloves boxing championships in his native Idaho, and a tour as a Mormon missionary in Ireland ("Now that was tough," he roars). Snarr got into billboards because his father, a potato farmer, was too poor to send him to college. By designing weirdly shaped signs that visually jolted motorists, he earned his way through two years of Brigham Young University, then snagged a \$400,000 sign contract from Harrah's casinos.

By 1965, Snarr Advertising had moved to Salt Lake City, boasted as

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is ever funded, all billboard men who are put out of business by the act will be compensated—to the tune of \$3 million in Snarr's case. A fervent capitalist, Snarr would like to start again, maybe in restaurants.

Jolting Motorists. The fact is that Lady Bird Johnson's famous highway-beautification program has become a parody of its original intentions. For one thing, the Federal Highway Administration has done virtually nothing to implement it. Because the law forbids rural-highway signs, many banks have also quit financing small billboard companies. Without cash for maintenance, a lot of billboards have been allowed to rot on the roadsides—becoming uglier than ever. Big billboard companies—still collecting rent on their legal signs in urban and commercial areas—are buying billboard locations cheap and building new signs, betting that the Government will not enforce the law in the foreseeable future. Some companies have also noted that the law forbids signs within 660 feet of an interstate highway, and are thus putting up monstrous billboards 661 feet from the roadside. In brief, the Beautification Act has worsened the billboard blight.

sets of \$3.5 million, annual revenues of \$800,000. Then the Beautification Act was passed. "My heart sank," Snarr recalls, "and the next week my bank called in a loan of \$700,000."

"I wrestled and wrestled with what I should do," continues Snarr. "I finally realized that highway beautification was a fundamental responsibility of every citizen." He moved to persuade other billboard companies in Utah not to fight the act, then helped to get a state compliance law passed. Now he is trying to move the whole country.

The big obstacle is bureaucracy. Most states planned their beautification programs on a far too complex basis. Committees would choose the stretches of road to be cleaned up first. Then teams of engineers would draw survey maps, appraisers would evaluate every sign. Government would review the appraisals, and finally the billboard company would get a contract to remove a sign. The whole process, Snarr saw, could last decades and cost \$2 billion or more.

Spellbound Senators. He proposed a better way. Each state should merely pay each billboard company to take down its signs as leases expire. In one blow, red tape would be minimized.

Knowing exactly where they stood, the companies could say to their banks: "We are going to be compensated. Can we have money to start to diversify?" The "Snarr Plan" would cost some \$500 million and offensive billboards would vanish in a few years.

Despite its logic, the Snarr Plan will not be tested until a bill introduced by Utah's Senator Frank Moss is passed to authorize \$15 million for a pilot sign-removal project in several states. Snarr is lobbying hard for it. Even hardened Congressmen find him irresistible. Speaking before the Senate subcommittee on roads last June, he explained his plan and exalted "the inspiration of America." The Senators were spellbound: John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky was reportedly on the verge of tears. Last week the subcommittee approved the Moss bill, which now goes to the floor for the consideration it surely merits.

RESOURCES

Trying to Save Maine

Not long ago, industrial developers asked the 236 voters of Trenton, Maine, to approve the construction of an aluminum refinery and a nuclear power plant on the pristine shores of Union River Bay. A yes vote might have been expected. After all, countless U.S. towns beg for new industry to pay taxes and provide jobs. But the Trenton vote was a resounding no. A key factor was the *Maine Times*, a plucky weekly newspaper that lambasted the developers and explained precisely how their plans could pollute Trenton's air, land and water.

One year old this month, the *Times* is a unique statewide paper that tirelessly harasses would-be wreckers of Maine's environment. The attack is mounted by two Yale graduates, Editor John N. Cole, 46, and Publisher Peter W. Cox, 32, who raised \$100,000 to pay for offset printing, two full-time reporters and a rented building in the hamlet of Topsham. Cole quit an incipient gray-flannel career in Manhattan to become a commercial fisherman, later edited several Maine newspapers. Cox is the son of Oscar Cox, a noted international lawyer. By no means opposed to all industry, they have warmly praised a few lumber and paper companies for enlightened use of Maine land. What they do oppose is destruction of the unspoiled Maine coast by high-risk industries like oil and aluminum. As Editor Cole puts it: "There is no such thing as a little rape."

Protests and Payoffs. With punchy headlines and a tabloid format, the paper unflinchingly alerts its 10,000 readers to each week's environmental toll—an oil spill off Casco Bay, a fish kill at Mystery Lake, a historic barn razed at the University of Maine. Much vitriol is aimed at the paper industry, a major source of water pollution in the state. The *Times* recently flayed a new wave of fly-by-night operators who re-

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Happily, the muckraking pays off. Largely because of the *Times*, for example, one of those reopened mills closed last week. One article detailed how paper mills in the Pacific Northwest took the smell out of making brown paper, with the implication that Maine's mills should do the same. Another story started a cleanup of the Saco River by pinpointing 39 specific sources of pollution along its 125-mile length. In recent weeks, the paper single-handedly fought to ban snowmobiles from the virgin wilderness of Baxter State Park successfully.

Naked State. Maine is the last state on the upper Eastern seaboard that has not been industrialized. Now its vast forests and ore deposits make it a tempting target for mindless exploitation. As Cole tells it, even the Mafia has joined various land grabs in Maine.

The big worry is the oil industry. Maine still has no laws regulating oil spills, offshore drilling and the like. Yet oilmen are now surveying the state's harbors, the only ports in the East deep enough to berth the industry's ever larger supertankers. The key trouble spot is Machiasport, where three companies plan major refineries despite thick fogs and tricky currents that pose serious risks of tanker mishaps and oil spillage. Devoid of controls, says Cole, "the state is standing stark naked to the oilmen."

Nonetheless, Cole has "no doubt" that the oil industry will gain entrée to Maine's ports. But he and others are fighting hard for legal safeguards. And despite the pressures, he is optimistic. "Maine is still relatively clean," he says. "If enough people are concerned about the state, we can do something with it." By rousing such concern, the *Times* may ease the pain in Maine.

MILESTONES

Married. Ali MacGraw, 30, who went from model to movie star with her first film, *Goodbye, Columbus*; and Robert Evans, 39, Paramount Pictures' go-go vice president in charge of production; he for the third time; in a small civil ceremony; in Palm Springs, Calif.

Married. Peter Yarrow, 31, producer, composer and member of Peter, Paul and Mary; and Mary Beth McCarthy, 22, niece of Senator Eugene McCarthy; in Willmar, Minn.

Married. Karim Aga Khan, 32, spiritual leader of 20 million Ismaili Moslems and one of the world's wealthiest men; and Lady Sarah Crichton-Stuart, 29, stunning British divorcee and model; in a private civil ceremony, in Paris. The couple will be married again this year in an Ismaili Moslem ceremony in Paris.

Divorced. By Robert F. Marasco, 27, former U.S. Army captain who was alleged to have been the "triggerman" in the recently dismissed Green Beret murder case in Viet Nam; Denise Marasco, 25; on grounds of incompatibility; after 6½ years of marriage, no children; in Juárez, Mexico. Two days later Marasco was critically injured in a traffic accident in South Amboy, N.J.

Died. Jack Kerouac, 47, novelist and spiritual father of the Beat Generation (see THE NATION).

Died. Mongi Slim, 61, Tunisian diplomat who in 1961 became the first African to be elected president of the U.N. General Assembly; of liver disease; in Tunis. A onetime revolutionary who was twice jailed by the French during his country's struggle for freedom, Slim nevertheless ranked as one of Africa's more moderate, pro-Western diplomats. With Tunisia's independence in 1956 he became simultaneously Ambassador to the U.S., Ambassador to Canada and Tunisia's permanent representative to the U.N.; in 1961, by a vote of 96-0, he was elected president of the General Assembly and for the next year labored diligently to bridge the gap between East and West.

Died. Armand ("Al") Weill, 75, controversial prizefight matchmaker and manager who guided Rocky Marciano to the world's heavyweight title; of heart disease; in Miami. Of all the boxing figures of the '30s and '40s, few were more hated than the conniving, cigar-chewing Weill, who often used his matchmaking jobs to further the careers of fighters he managed. He had four world champions over the years, ending with Marciano, whom he picked up as an unknown in 1948 and secretly handled until 1952, when he became the Brockton Blockbuster's official manager.

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THE LAW

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Apologist

After arguing before the Supreme Court last week, Jervis Leonard refused to pose for photographers with a lawyer who had supported his plea. "That is one honor I will decline," said Leonard, who is chief of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division. His reluctance was understandable. Leonard had just become the first Government lawyer ever to ask the high court for a delay in school desegregation. His unaccustomed ally was John C. Satterfield of Mississippi, the most prominent segregationist lawyer in the country.

Together, Leonard and Satterfield

istratively sound both in terms of substance and in terms of timing." Why did the Government decide to block those plans this year? Leonard says that it was because HEW needs additional time to study and perhaps refine them. Another report, by William E. Cresswell, former administrative assistant to Senator John Stennis, claims that the Nixon Administration traded a delay in desegregation for Stennis' vote on its ABM approval (TIME, Sept. 26).

Whether or not Cresswell is right, Leonard has been forced to change his own tactics. He came to the Justice Department from Wisconsin, where he was the majority leader of the state senate and wrote the state's open-housing law.



LEONARD



SATTERFIELD

Unaccustomed allies.

were fighting suits brought by the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, which asked the court to order immediate desegregation of school districts in Mississippi. Citing 15 years of evasion by the state, Defense Fund Attorney Jack Greenberg argued in his brief that such an edict was necessary "so that protracted litigation loses its attractiveness as a tactic for delaying desegregation." By contrast, Leonard urged the Justices to affirm a lower-court order that gives the school boards until Dec. 1 to submit new desegregation plans—but sets no deadline for implementation. "Disestablishment of a dual school system is often a somewhat complicated process," said Leonard. Although the process was supposed to begin in 1954, he insisted "it is simply unreal to talk about instantaneous integration."

Only last August an HEW expert, Dr. Gregory Anrig, submitted plans for each of the school districts that he described as "educationally and admin-

Leonard vowed strict enforcement of civil rights laws, and he made a creditable start. Under his direction, the Civil Rights Division has filed 33 lawsuits against segregation in public accommodations and 15 against discrimination in housing. Last week—perhaps to assuage critics on the eve of his Supreme Court appearance—the division asked a federal court in Atlanta to compel Georgia to integrate its public schools by the start of the 1970-71 year.

Political Goals. Informed observers believe that Leonard has been chosen to carry out some of the promises that Republicans made to Southern politicians during last year's presidential campaign. Speaking for many critics, a former lawyer in Leonard's division says: "He was made to understand that he should enforce civil rights laws, but only in a manner consistent with the Administration's political goals." When 65 lawyers in his division protested the delay in Mississippi desegregation last

month, Leonard handled the revolt like a loyal party man. Once a decision is made in the department, he said at a news conference, the lawyers are obliged to carry it out. He fired the leader of the rebels, Gary Greenberg, who had refused to compromise his views while arguing a desegregation suit against an Arkansas school district.

Attorney General John Mitchell gave Leonard the dubious honor of arguing the Mississippi case before the Supreme Court even though the Solicitor General usually speaks for the U.S. It has been no easy job. In a friend of the court brief a respected group called the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law attacked Leonard's assertion that the division lacked "bodies and people" to enforce desegregation throughout the South this year. The committee, which includes former Justice Department Official John Doar (a Republican who headed Leonard's division with distinction under President Kennedy), promised to enlist enough volunteer attorneys, if need be, to finish the job for Leonard.

The Supreme Court may well rule on the Mississippi cases this week, and it is unlikely to show much patience with delays in desegregation; in recent years, it has repeatedly declared that the time for "deliberate speed" is over. Even so, the justices confront a hard choice. They may conclude that a desegregation decision in the middle of a school year would produce widespread disorder in Mississippi—and would risk a collision between the Court and the Nixon Administration.

PETITIONS

A Fine American Name

To affirm black pride, many black Americans have adopted African names. One who sought to formalize the change in court, however, ran into unexpected opposition. Robert Lee Middleton, a 25-year-old student at the New York City Community College in Brooklyn, wants to be known as Kikuga Nairobi Kikugis. He explained to New York Civil Court Judge Irving Smith that he plans to teach African culture after graduation and would like to have a name appropriate to such a career. The petition has just been denied.

Judge Smith found that the words Kikuga and Kikugis seem to mean nothing in any African language. Ruling that the name would mislead the petitioner's future students, the judge said that other black Americans are teaching African culture "without resort to such subterfuge as changing their patronymics." Besides, he went on, Middleton is "a fine American name." Despite the decision, the future teacher is determined to get court approval for becoming Kikuga Nairobi Kikugis. He hopes to find a more receptive judge than Irving Smith—whose immigrant forebears' name was changed when they came from Poland to the U.S.

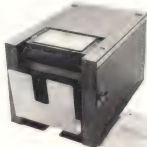
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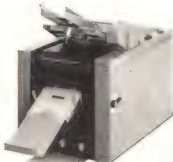
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BUSINESS

MONEY

The Mark's Golden Mean

For months, international bankers have considered an upward revaluation of the German mark to be inevitable (TIME, Dec. 20). Last week Chancellor Willy Brandt's new government announced that the muscular mark henceforth will be worth 27.3 cents—or 3.66 marks to the dollar instead of the old four-mark rate.

This rise of 8.5%* is more than the 6.25% proposed by Economics Minister Karl Schiller last spring. It is also more than the 7.25% revaluation carried out by market forces in the four weeks since the mark was cut loose from its old peg. Schiller called the new rate "the golden mean—courageous but not foolhardy." It was clearly a compromise. Schiller wanted a change large enough to anticipate a continuing higher inflation rate outside Germany, but German industrialists argued for a lower figure. By making German exports more expensive and foreign countries' exports more competitive, the change should reduce Germany's huge export surplus. That will help currencies like the French franc and the British pound, as well as the dollar. In London a Treasury official expressed satisfaction with the size of the revaluation saying, "The rate seems intended to be helpful to other countries." Significant changes in the parities of other currencies are not expected.

Until recently, European monetary markets were constantly unsettled by the 15% to 20% gap between the French

franc, which had been overvalued, and the mark, which had been undervalued. Taking into consideration the removal of the year-old 4% "quasi-revaluation" tax on German exports, Germany's actions last week, combined with France's devaluation in August, closed this gap and added a new stability to the world of money. England's *Financial Times* commented: "There is a better chance now than for many months past that the exchange markets will settle down to a quieter way of life."

FOOD

Cyclamates' Sour Aftertaste

After the Government banned cyclamates, the diet-food industry last week began one of the fastest turnarounds in U.S. industrial history. Officers of firms in the \$1 billion-a-year diet market hustled to cut their ties with cyclamates, to find an acceptable substitute, and to redirect marketing efforts to preserve demand for their heavily promoted brands. From now on, many of the diet drinks will be sweetened by a sugar-saccharin compound that may contain 30 calories in eight ounces, compared with only one or two calories in a cyclamate drink and 105 in a cola sweetened with straight sugar. The revised drinks will, of course, be labeled "new," and printing on the package will note prominently that they contain no cyclamates.

Terribly intuitive, Coca-Cola officials, caught unprepared by the ban, worked round the clock, preparing advertising copy and arranging to start production of a saccharin-sweetened syrup for Fresca, which will contain only two calories in eight ounces. "This was a jumping vice," says Charles W. Adams, senior vice president. "We got a lot of printers up in the middle of the night." PepsiCo, which began marketing a new Diet Pepsi the day the ban was announced, attributed its switch to a burst of altruism. Big ads in newspapers noted solemnly: the "Pepsi-Cola Company cannot in good conscience offer its customers any products about which even the remotest doubt exists." The ad urged that "other soft-drink companies . . . follow Pepsi-Cola's lead in developing cyclamate-free beverages." Mary Wells Lawrence, the adwoman whose agency had just completed a new campaign for Royal Crown's Diet Rite when the ban was announced, claims that she had little trouble adjusting to a non-cyclamate new version being introduced this week. "Either we're terribly intuitive or somebody up there loves us," she said, "but the new campaign has nothing to do with dieting."

Most of the producers of diet canned fruits have just completed their autumn packing, and are likely to be stuck with huge unsold stocks. David E. Guer-

CYCLAMATES?

**Diet Pepsi
can do better
without them**



NEW PEPSI-COLA AD

The printers got up at midnight.

rant, president of Libby, McNeill & Libby, which has a low-calorie canned-fruit line, called the Government ban "unwarranted." He asked that the Feb. 1 deadline for withdrawing all items containing cyclamates be extended to Sept. 1. Meanwhile, the search for a palatable low-calorie formula goes on. Almost a dozen diet-food producers have approached Adolph's Food Products, which manufactures a sugar substitute composed mainly of glycine, an amino acid.

Actually, the concrete evidence of the cancer threat in cyclamates came out of a private study commissioned by Abbott Laboratories, the major manufacturer. To its credit, the company immediately brought the results to the Food and Drug Administration. The Delaney Amendment, signed in 1958, requires the FDA to brand as unsafe any additive that has been shown to induce cancer in humans or animals. Last week New York Congressman James J. Delaney, the bill's sponsor, warmly recalled the support he had received from Actress Gloria Swanson, now 70, who roused interest in the bill in a 1952 speech to congressional wives. "I was screaming at the wind until she came along," said Delaney.

Fresh Doubts. The furor over cyclamates in the U.S. prompted Britain, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Finland to ban the sweetener last week. The furor also raised fresh doubts about other food additives that are now listed by the FDA as "Generally Recognized As Safe," or GRAS in bureaucratic terms. The agency is now taking another look at the list, especially at monosodium glutamate (MSG), which has been found to cause brain damage in infant mice. Last week major manufacturers of baby food said that they will stop adding MSG. As if the diet-conscious American had not enough to worry about, the FDA also announced that it was again assessing the safety of saccharin.



ECONOMICS MINISTER SCHILLER

At last, the inevitable.

CORPORATIONS

Return of Smiling Jim

In Jacqueline Susann's peekaboo novel *The Love Machine*, which focuses on wide-screen sex and power conflict in the television world, the anti-hero is Robin Stone, who advances to a top network job over the prostrate bodies of rivals and girls. Inevitably, show business insiders recognized in Stone at least a passing resemblance to James T. Aubrey Jr., 51. As president of CBS-TV for more than five years, Aubrey ruled with a high hand and a low common denominator of programming (*The Beverly Hillbillies*, *Petticoat Junction*) that for most of that time won CBS leadership in the ratings. After hours, Aubrey said of himself: "I don't pretend to be any saint. If anyone wants to indict me for liking pretty girls, I guess I'm guilty." Partly because of his after-hours tastes, Aubrey was ousted from CBS in 1965. He moved to Los Angeles and set up a small film-production company.

Last week Aubrey returned to power. Las Vegas financier Kirk Kerkorian, who a month ago won control of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, picked him to be the company's new president to replace Louis ("Bo") Polk Jr., 39, who was fired. Polk had been chosen only last January by Edgar M. Bronfman, whose 16% holding in the company was the largest until Kerkorian bought roughly a 40% share for about \$100 million. (Time Inc. owns 5%). Bronfman and one of three other directors representing his interests quit the 19-man board last week.

Smelling the Public. Kerkorian hopes that Aubrey, whom he met for the first time only two weeks ago, can put new vigor into the ailing MGM lion. Kerkorian wanted a show business veteran to replace financial man Polk, but his choice for the presidency, Herb Jaffe, a vice president of United Artists, turned the job down. Gregson Bautzer, the Los Angeles socialite lawyer who counts both Kerkorian and Aubrey among his clients, introduced the two men at the Beverly Hilton and recommended Aubrey for the job. Bautzer's sales pitch: "Jim Aubrey has a real good sense of smell about what the American public wants to buy for entertainment."

According to Bautzer, Aubrey told Kerkorian: "I don't want a contract. If I do a job on this, the contract will take care of itself. If you don't like the way I'm doing it, you can say 'Get lost, Jim' without any obligations." Aubrey will get \$208,000 yearly, plus an option to buy 17,500 shares.

MGM is expected to report a loss of about \$25 million for the year that ended Aug. 31. Deficits were biggest in the film and record divisions; earnings from television have also suffered, and of the major divisions of the company only the music publishing business raised its profits. Apparently, MGM's creative people have lost touch with what the public wants in films. Last



MGM's AUBREY
High hand and low denominator.

year nearly all the company's films lost money. MGM's last big hit was *Doctor Zhivago*.

Kerkorian believes that MGM can go nowhere but up. His operating policy for the company: "Clear out the non-productive items and keep the productive ones, and you have a successful business." MGM began last year to sell off its real estate holdings, which are scattered from Culver City, Calif., to London. In order to realize some quick profits, Kerkorian is likely to dispose of more.

CONGLOMERATES

Antitrusters Lose a Round

The Nixon Administration, which seems determined to prove itself tougher on antitrust policy than the Democrats were, has lost an important round in its fight against corporate bigness. Last week a federal court refused to stop International Telephone & Telegraph, the largest conglomerate, from going ahead with one of the biggest mergers in U.S. history—the acquisition of Hartford Fire Insurance Co. The combination would raise ITT's assets by 50%, to more than \$6 billion.

ITT has already spread into hotels (Sheraton), car renting (Avis), home building (Levitt & Sons), book publishing (Bobbs-Merrill) and bread (Continental Baking). Why would this aggressive giant want slow-moving Hartford Fire? One likely reason is that the insurance company has a valuable portfolio of securities that might be used to produce handsome capital gains for the merged companies.

Changing the Standards. The Justice Department's request for a preliminary injunction to stop the merger was denied by Judge William H. Timbers of

the federal district court in New Haven. He rejected the trustbusters' argument that economic concentration is illegal under the Clayton Antitrust Act. Timbers ruled that the law bars only mergers that lessen competition and said that if the standard is to be changed, it ought to be done by Congress rather than the courts. Attorney General John Mitchell finds alarming the fact that the 200 largest U.S. companies control 58% of the manufacturing assets, compared with 48% in 1948.

Executives usually refuse to comment publicly when their companies are in court, but Harold Geneen, the combative chairman and president of ITT, spoke up only two days after the court decision. In a speech in Manhattan, he called Mitchell's statistics "carefully selected but unfortunately misleading." He pointed out that the asset concentration among the top 140 companies in 1963 was the same as it had been in 1932. Geneen also contended that the real antitrust issue is the specific amount of concentration of power within an industry and that the conglomerate approach of buying into many industries does not involve that kind of concentration.

Government lawyers cannot appeal Judge Timbers' decision against an injunction, but they plan to pursue a separate suit filed against the merger three months ago, also in New Haven. ITT executives, who in the meantime will go ahead and take over Hartford Fire, are indignant over the Justice Department's determination to press the case. They say that the Hartford acquisition carefully adhered to the Johnson Administration's antitrust guidelines—and they do not like having the rules changed in the middle of the game.

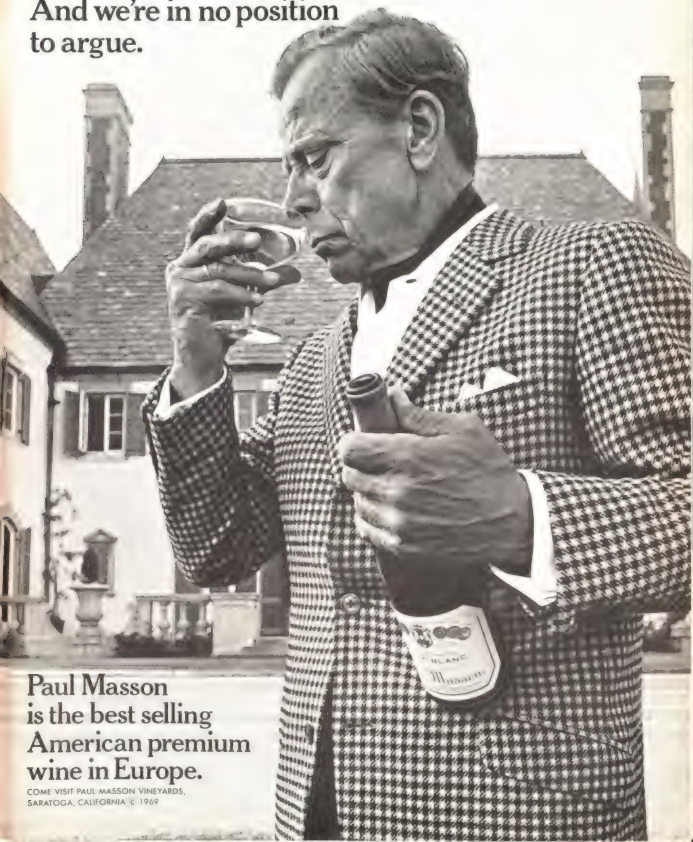
AUTOS

Over the Top in a Jeep

Like Spam, Betty Grable and the big-band sound, the Jeep is a memorable symbol of World War II. Its endurance today has nothing to do with nostalgia. The Jeep was first in the field of four-wheel drive, go-anywhere sports vehicles, and it now holds 35% of that rapidly growing market. Last year 60,000 Jeeps were sold, despite competition from Ford's Bronco, General Motors' Blazer and International Harvester's Scout. Jeep owners have their own clubs, and they hold an annual 1,000-mile cross-country race in Mexico. The race is going to get a new sponsor. Last week Kaiser Industries Corp. announced its intent to sell its Jeep division to American Motors.

The sale, which must be approved by both companies' boards and by AMC's shareholders, immediately raised the question of who was swallowing whom. American will pay about \$86 million in cash, notes and stock for Kaiser Jeep Corp. The deal will make Kaiser Industries the largest single shareholder in AMC, with 22% ownership and two seats on the 14-man board. But there

Europeans think they know
more about wine than anybody.
And we're in no position
to argue.



Paul Masson
is the best selling
American premium
wine in Europe.

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was no evidence that Kaiser intends to add the auto company to its empire of steel, cement, aluminum and chemical companies (total assets: \$624 million). The suspicion in Detroit was that two old friends, Edgar Kaiser and American's Chairman Roy Chapin Jr., have a secret signed agreement to assure that Kaiser will not take over control of AMC.

New Dealers. The combination of AMC and Jeep is so natural that both companies have considered it for seven years; they finally agreed when the price was right. The two companies are partners in a new auto plant in Iran; they are also affiliated in Argentina, where AMC uses Jeep engines, and in Mexico, where Jeep buys its engines from American. American will take over Kaiser's auto plants in 34 countries, acquire a new line for its 2,400 dealers at home, and likely gain much-needed recruits among Jeep's 1,600 dealers, some of whom will switch to AMC. American also inherits Jeep's substantial Government business, which amounted to 62% of its sales of \$477 million last year, and a \$190 million Jeep contract to build Army trucks, which was announced by the Pentagon on the same day as the sale.

The Jeep deal was typical of American's growth-minded aggressiveness since Chairman Chapin and President William V. Luneburg took over in 1967. At that time, AMC's future seemed so shaky that its creditors, a consortium of 24 banks headed by Chase Manhattan, examined the books every ten days. The new chiefs sold AMC's finance subsidiary and Kelvinator Appliance to pay some of the debts, trimmed costs by \$20 million annually to cut the breakeven point from 343,000 to 250,000 cars a year, and last year turned a profit of \$3,300,000 on sales of 260,000 cars. Chapin and Luneburg expect to reach \$4,000,000 this year. The acquisition of Kaiser Jeep also makes American Motors a billion-dollar corporation once again, a status it has not enjoyed since 1964.

TIME CARTOON BY HERB GREEN

WHY HOUSING COSTS ARE GOING THROUGH THE ROOF

A middle-aged executive recently got that big break—a promotion that transferred him from a branch office in Washington, D.C., to company headquarters in Manhattan. His professional leap forward sharply set back his personal standard of living. For the first time in his life, he cannot buy a house or rent an apartment that fits both his means and his expectations. He moved out of a \$400-a-month, eleven-room house in the capital; he is willing to pay \$600 for less space in an area that has commendable schools and is not more than one hour's commuting time away from Manhattan—but cannot find anything suitable. He is also willing to buy a house. "When I tell real estate agents that I can only go up to \$60,000," he says, "they just laugh."

Another executive was recently shifted from Manhattan to Chicago. When he put his suburban New York home up for sale, one eager would-be buyer offered him \$500 to be first to bid on it. He sold the house for a large profit. The disillusionment set in after he moved to Chicago and sought a house in the suburbs. "I had to pay much more for less house," he complains.

A \$19,000-a-year associate law professor at Boston College began looking last March for a \$30,000 four-bedroom house within walking distance of his job and in a neighborhood with reasonably good schools. He and his wife are still looking—even though they have raised their limit to \$40,000. "We're in a bind," says the professor, who now pays \$275 a month for a six-room apartment three miles from his work. "We cannot find a decent house, and we cannot afford to stay in an apartment."

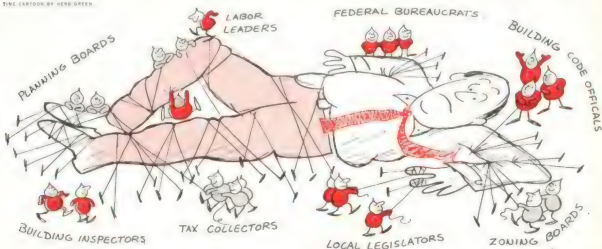
Finding a place to live today is a trauma for millions of Americans. During the past two years, the price of houses has risen almost twice as fast as the over-

all cost of living. The average new house in the U.S. now sells for about \$26,000; the same one would have cost \$20,200 in 1966. In many suburbs, prices have jumped a good deal faster than that. At the same time, the overwhelming demand for apartments has pushed up rents, and vacancy rates have fallen to the lowest level in twelve years.

"We shape our buildings; thereafter they shape us," observed Winston Churchill. The crisis in housing is beginning to warp American life. Housing is by far the largest expense for most families; when that cost soars, something else in the budget has to give. Most of the 40 million U.S. residents who move each year must now make difficult compromises: they must pay higher prices than they had budgeted, or accept less living space, longer commuting or lower school standards. The problem affects almost everybody—the rich in luxury apartments, the middle class in suburban subdivisions, the poor in festering slums. In order to make bigger down payments, many middle-class families are forced to borrow from relatives. The poor feel the pinch most of all, since they pay a larger share of their incomes for housing than better-off Americans do. Housing costs the average U.S. family 15% of its income, but those below the poverty line spend 35%.

More often than ever before, young singles have to double up or triple up in cramped apartments if they hope to pay the rent. The latest trend in New England is for married couples to get together in pairs and lease a house. Quite a few young marrieds are forced to postpone having children because they cannot afford enough space for larger families. To avoid the problem of searching for a reasonably priced place in which to live, company executives sometimes resist transfers to different cities.

In all, the difficulty of finding rea-



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By 1978, you could save another \$1320. Enough for a swimming pool.

For further information on Europe and swimming pools, consult your Yellow Pages.

For further information on the car that makes them possible, consult your Volvo dealer.





CROWDED MANHATTAN APARTMENT



ALCAN MODULE (PRODUCTION) LINE



\$42,500 HOUSE IN DARIEN, CONN.
Lives shaped by buildings.

sonably priced housing has contributed to the feeling of frustration in the nation. The Nixon Administration recognizes that the housing problem is fanning popular discontent about inflation. Moreover, rising pressures in the housing market may well aggravate tension in the ghettos. Rent strikes, led by predominantly Negro tenant unions, have occurred recently in St. Louis, Los Angeles and other cities. The strikers demand better living conditions, lower rents—or both. In Milwaukee, 14 couples and their 70 children not long ago took up unauthorized residence in an abandoned Army disciplinary barracks. The squatters have dubbed the place “Fort Homeless.”

The Money Famine

Prices continue to rise partly because the supply of houses and apartments is not adequate. The U.S. has long taken pride in being the best-housed nation in the world, but today—despite its riches and technological power—it has slipped behind the pace of almost every big country in Western Europe in construction per capita (see chart following page). Even the U.S.S.R. puts up more housing than the U.S., though the Soviets' prefabricated apartments are so cramped and shoddy that most would be unrentable to middle-class Americans. George Romney, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, calculates that new housing in the past four years has fallen more than 1,000,000 dwellings shy of the amount needed to keep up with population growth and losses from fires, storms and bulldozers.

This year, starts of houses and apartments dropped from an annual rate of 1,900,000 in January to 1,300,000 in August. Despite a September upturn, which most economists dismiss as a freak performance by volatile statistics, the rate of housing starts may dip below 1,000,000 by year's end. “We are facing the worst housing shortage that we have had since the end of World War II,” says Walter Hoadley, executive vice president of California's Bank of America. “The crisis is going to get worse.”

Shortages and soaring prices are the outcome of many forces, but the problem right now is that, as Secretary Romney notes, “housing is the first casualty of the anti-inflationary fight.” By making credit scarce and costly, the Government has choked off many of the sources of mortgage funds. More than any other U.S. industry, housing depends on private long-term credit. When interest rates rise rapidly, as they have this year, the financial institutions that normally provide most of the credit run short of money. Savings and loan associations and mutual savings banks have been hard hit by withdrawals; depositors have simply shifted their money out of savings accounts paying 5% and put it into Government bonds that offer an enticing 8½%.

Even if the Government would per-

mit it, most S. & L.s and mutual savings banks could not afford to raise the rates they pay to depositors. The bulk of their assets is invested in 20-year to 30-year mortgage loans at the much lower interest rates of bygone years. Insurance companies, normally the third biggest source of mortgage money, have increasingly withdrawn from the housing field. Wary of inflation and eager to improve their profits, they are funneling most of their property loans into projects in which they become part owners.

Builders complain that housing is being squeezed by the Government for the fifth time in 15 years. Paul McCracken, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, admits that they have a point. Because housing depends so greatly on credit, he concedes, the industry lies “at the end of the economic whipcracker.” When the Government snapped that whip by severely tightening money in 1966, housing absorbed 70% of the resulting cut-back in lending. Builders had not yet made up for their 1966 production losses before they were hit again in 1969.

The Nixon Administration has tried to cushion housing from the impact of tight money. The Federal Home Loan Bank Board has lent nearly \$4 billion to savings and loan associations. The Federal National Mortgage Association, which is privately owned but Government-controlled, has become the principal source of funds for Federal Housing Administration and Veterans Administration loans. But money is so scarce that average private mortgage rates have risen from 6.4% two years ago to 8.1% now. Many borrowers must pay 8½% or even 9%. Though the rates may fall a bit next year, they will probably stay high by historical standards. Any would-be buyer who holds off in hopes of a significant drop in overall housing costs is likely to be disappointed.

Excluding the Negroes

Beyond the immediate problems caused by inflation and tight money, there are other, longer-term reasons for the trouble in housing. The home-building industry is like a sprawling Gulliver, pinned down by gremlins. The industry is snarled in a tangle of little, mostly local restraints that make houses and apartments cost more than they should. A modern Mr. Blandings who tries to build or buy his dream house often finds the experience turning into a bad trip. Among the difficulties that he faces:

BUILDING CODES. They often perpetuate make-work practices, waste, and the use of yesterday's materials and methods. U.S. communities operate under at least 8,300 different building codes; the provisions often conflict, making it impossible to standardize such items as the type of wiring, piping and plumbing. This not only inhibits architects and engineers from developing cost-cutting innovations (for lack of a

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big enough market), but often prevents builders from reaping the economies of standardized plans and production. Few other big industrial countries permit such a senseless riot of diversity. Code uniformity has helped Western Europe to pass the U.S. in making use of new technology, including pre-cast concrete panels and high-precision assembly systems, in the construction of tower apartments.

ZONING AND PLANNING. These rules are twisted by countless suburbs to keep housing prices high. The effect is to exclude unwanted families, notably Negroes. Localities often require one-acre or even two-acre lots, or needlessly wide and costly roads. Many have resisted developers' plans to cluster houses in compact groups, which would lead to a considerable saving on sewers, roads and other facilities and provide surrounding open space big enough to serve as a park.

FEATHERBEDDING. Make-work practices imposed by building unions can grossly inflate the cost of a house or apartment. In 1967 the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the right of Philadelphia carpenters to refuse to hang doors that had been pre-cut and equipped with knobs and hinges in a factory. Construction unions regularly insist on hefty wage increases, arguing that building is a seasonal business. In contracts signed so far in 1969, construction unions have won average wage gains of 15% a year for two or three years. Construction wages are the fastest rising part of the U.S. economy's labor costs, and they are the main reason why total construction costs during the past twelve months rose by 71%, the sharpest gain in 24 years.

CLOSING COSTS. Archaic title-search and title-transfer requirements needlessly inflate closing costs and provide lawyers with fees that many home buyers consider excessive. By some estimates, home buyers pay \$1 billion a year in closing costs.

LAND COSTS AND TAXES. Since 1950, the price of land for homes has climbed by 16% a year. Land accounts for one-fifth of the total cost of a new house, compared with one-tenth two decades ago. Inflation of land prices is greatly fostered by the U.S. system of real estate taxation. Localities generally tax vacant land lightly; that makes it easy for speculators to hold land off the market in hope of selling for more later. Heavy taxation on building inhibits both new construction and improvements on existing structures. Today, most cities collect two or three times as much revenue from taxes on improvements as from taxes on land. The arrangement subsidizes blight, decay, slum formation, suburban sprawl, and even the premature carving up of fringe acreage into subdivisions.

All these housing problems are compounded for the people who live in the center of cities, particularly in the slums. The Government, in its well-intentioned effort to rid cities of slums and help

the poor, has adopted a complex array of subsidy plans, notably in public housing and urban renewal, but both programs have failed to reach their laudable objectives. Some 757,000 U.S. families now live in public housing, which often costs much more than private housing of the same size because of Government red tape, excessive specifications and exorbitant site costs. For every unit of public housing built, state and local governments have torn down two other dwellings. Columbia Professor Charles Abrams, the venerable pundit of public housing, argues that until many more units are built even slums must be considered a national asset. Buying up slum sites costs as much as \$485,000 an acre, and the success of one project often makes the next one more expensive by driving up realty values.

The National Commission on Urban

finance, now Congress is considering a bill to increase federal subsidies. Over the past three decades, the Federal Government has put more than \$7 billion into housing subsidies and urban renewal. Still, one-sixth of the U.S. population lives in overcrowded or sub-standard housing.

Romney's Promising Plan

What can be done to bring down the costs and expand the supply of living space? Housing Secretary Romney figures that one solution would be to enlist industrial expertise and capital to improve the technology of subsidized housing for low-income and moderate-income families. Though his program goes by the corny name of "Operation Breakthrough," it is nonetheless quite promising. Under it, 650 companies have submitted proposals for mass-producing houses or component parts. Many of the entries come from big firms that have hitherto been little involved in housing, including Republic Steel, General Electric and Union Carbide. Next month ten or 20 of the Breakthrough proposals will be selected by the Housing and Urban Development Department to share \$15 million in research grants. Prototypes will be built on eight sites to be chosen from among hundreds that have been eagerly offered by 170 state and local governments.

Romney's program is no panacea, but it is likely to attack some of the real obstacles to better and cheaper shelter. The new technology may help builders to avert an almost certain shortage of skilled labor in the years ahead. More important, the localities offering sites have agreed to suspend their building codes and zoning laws for the Breakthrough models. Nothing quite like that has happened before, and Romney obviously hopes to use the program for a persistent attack on local barriers to housing. Later on, he expects localities to combine their building plans into giant orders so that industry can justify capital outlays for factory-produced housing. To induce municipal officials to get together, he can offer them favorable treatments on their bids for other HUD grants, notably for renewal, planning, sewers and public housing.

Move to Mass Production

The housing crisis has put pressure on the industry to modernize its methods. For decades, the ancient heritage of local controls was reflected in the industry's organization, methods and vision. The typical builder was an ex-carpenter who kept his office in his hat, drew plans on an old paper bag, clung to stick-by-stick construction techniques, operated with shoestring financing. Now dozens of major U.S. manufacturers and other large enterprises are moving into housing and land development with bulging bankrolls, big teams of experts and grand plans.

In partnership with two local builders, Westinghouse Electric is buying



Problems, headed by former Senator Paul Douglas, has castigated urban renewal as "a failure quite irrelevant to the housing needs of the poor." Some projects have turned into slums as squalid as the shanties that they replaced. St. Louis' Pruitt-Igoe project, hailed as an architectural gem when it was built in 1954 for \$117 million, has become a center of vandalism, muggings, dope, sexual perversion, rape and homicide. Stairwells and hallways reek of old garbage and excrement. Recently, elevator repairmen refused to work in the buildings because of repeated sniping incidents. Despite low rents, the project today is 43% vacant. Says the Rev. Buck Jones: "People are moving out because they are scared to death."

Because of soaring operating costs, 55 of the 85 largest public housing authorities in the U.S. face a financial crisis. Instead of raising rents, the authorities have been neglecting mainte-



Speed kills.

Ask a high school kid. Boy or girl. Either one will give you the word that speed (amphetamines or pep pills) is lethal stuff. And so many kids are so scared they won't touch it. But not enough are scared enough.

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Does speed kill outright? Sometimes. Prolonged massive doses have caused brain hemorrhages and death. Although it's unusual, it can happen.

But the biggest problem is indirect. When a kid pops a couple of caps into his mouth, he experiences a real high. When he comes down, he's so low he's tempted to start another run.

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In his confused state, he ignores his body's normal need for food, drink and sleep. So he's

easy prey for pneumonia. He gets careless. And often winds up with hepatitis from a dirty needle.

But even if his body survives, his mind can be badly bent out of shape. It's not unusual for him to become paranoid and commit a violent crime. Perhaps kill.

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Metropolitan Life

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8,000 acres south of San Francisco for a complete oceanside community. Beer-making Anheuser Busch recently bought 4,000 acres of Virginia countryside near Williamsburg and will develop an industrial town. Boise Cascade Corp. (1968 sales, \$1 billion) has spread into almost every corner of the business: factory-built houses and mobile homes, on-site homes, apartments, leisure-home projects and urban renewal.

The high cost of conventional housing has spurred the development of a new kind of dwelling: the inexpensive, mass-produced "modular homes." This year scores of companies are bringing them out. Such instant housing consists of room-sized sections—generally 12 ft. wide and up to 60 ft. long—that are built, wired, piped and often decorated on cost-cutting factory assembly lines, then trucked up to 400 miles to a site, swung onto foundations by a

of the industry only two years ago.

The Nixon Administration's main plan for helping housing is to stop inflation. Unless that is done, construction, and especially land costs will continue to rise, and mortgage money will become still scarcer and costlier. The result could be a housing famine that no politically conceivable amount of public subsidy could alleviate.

The Importance of Surplus

Whenever the end of inflation permits interest rates to decline, housing's prospects will improve. The key to the situation is consumer savings. If bond interest rates come down enough so that the public will deposit more money into banks and savings and loan associations, mortgage money will flow again. Even after prices have stabilized, the Federal Government would have to run substantial budget surpluses for sev-

that we will not break through unless we have a really big national push," says John Gardner, chairman of the Urban Coalition.

As part of that push, several things could be done:

► Construction unions should stop perpetuating shortages of skilled workmen, as they do through their current practices of excluding Negroes and limiting apprenticeship training. The unions' appetite for hefty wage increases would presumably diminish if industry would provide year-round employment, as it might in factories that mass-produce houses and components.

► The Federal Government should adopt national building standards and insist that they be applied at least to all federally aided construction. The Government might also try providing more incentives for private enterprise to rehabilitate slum housing. Faster tax write-offs and other income tax breaks are obvious possibilities.

► Local governments should reform the lax administration of property assessment and revise their real estate tax laws in order to tax buildings lightly if at all and land heavily—instead of vice versa. That would significantly alter the whole economics of property ownership. Speculators would have to develop their land or sell out: it would be too costly merely to hold on to property and make no improvements, while waiting for prices to rise. Landlords would no longer have reason to neglect the upkeep of old apartments, except where rent controls persist. A recent study in Milwaukee shows that such changes should force cities to build up instead of out, end the need for urban renewal subsidies, and very likely depress the price of acreage on the suburban fringes.

► Local authorities should accept some new forms of government, or at least governmental cooperation, in order to put an end to the zoning and planning warfare by which suburbs fight to remain enclaves for the well-to-do. As Aleo Chairman Fritz Close said last week in San Francisco: "Enabling the poor to find housing in the suburbs, where the jobs are, is probably the biggest single step this country could take toward solving its social problems."

Few if any of the fundamental reforms are likely to occur unless the public really demands them. The status quo is defended by many powerful forces—some unions, bureaucrats, local-government officials, even by elements of the fragmented housing industry itself. Until now, the existing scheme of things has been supported by public ignorance and apathy. Yet millions of people are being victimized—the mobile executive who cannot afford a comfortable house, the city resident in the greatly overpriced apartment, the slum dweller who has a tough time finding any housing that qualifies as decent. The lives of these people are indeed being shaped by the buildings in which they live, and they are impatient for change.

Where Prices Are Highest and Lowest

THE cost of construction varies sharply in the U.S. For a one-story, 1,400-sq.-ft. wood-frame ranch house with a basement, it ranges from \$16,125 to \$26,300, not counting land. The following comparative

figures for the same house were compiled by Milwaukee's American Appraisal Co. In most of the high-cost cities, builders use union labor; in nearly all the low-cost cities, they use nonunion labor.

HIGH-COST CITIES

Fairbanks	\$26,300
Anchorage	24,375
Honolulu	24,025
New York	22,975
San Francisco	22,975
Cleveland	22,800
Sacramento, Calif.	22,450
Detroit	22,100
Buffalo	21,750
Pittsburgh	21,750
Los Angeles	21,575
Newark	21,575
Carson City, Nev.	21,400
Cincinnati	21,400
Toledo	21,400

LOW-COST CITIES

Raleigh, N.C.	\$16,125
Columbia, S.C.	16,650
Tallahassee, Fla.	16,825
Winston-Salem, N.C.	16,825
Charleston, S.C.	16,825
Fort Smith, Ark.	17,175
Bismarck, N. Dak.	17,350
Montgomery, Ala.	17,350
Macon, Ga.	17,525
Biloxi, Miss.	17,525
Norfolk	17,525
Richmond	17,525
Little Rock, Ark.	17,700
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.	17,700
El Paso	17,700

crane, and fastened together. Builders claim that the modules are 10% to 25% less expensive than conventional houses.

The trend to modules was started by Canada's Alcan Design Homes, which brought out a line of completely furnished aluminum-clad houses priced from \$8,500 to \$12,500, not including the lot and foundation. Indiana-based National Homes, one of the biggest manufacturers of prefabricated houses, opened its first modular plant last January. In a major industrial counterattack, National has also moved into mobile-home construction.

Mobile homes have become the nation's main source of low-priced shelter. The mobiles come with wheels and a steel chassis, but once they are placed on foundations, few are moved again. Because they are factory built and beyond the reach of cost-boosting local regulations, mobile homes are cheap (average price: \$6,000), if generally small (about 700 sq. ft.) and boxy. This year some 220 companies will produce 400,000 mobile homes, double the output

eral years to assure a plentiful supply of housing money. If the budget were in surplus, of course, the Government would need to borrow less in the private money market, thus making more funds available for home finance.

Budget surpluses will be essential if the U.S. is to reach the ambitious target set by the 1968 Housing Act. That goal is to wipe out slums by building and rehabilitating 26 million houses and apartments by 1978. Many builders and bankers think that the goal is unrealistic. To achieve it, the nation would have to reallocate its financial resources, raising housing's share of the gross national product from 31% to 41%. The shift may sound small, but it would amount to a multibillion-dollar increase, and leave that much less for corporations and other borrowers.

Breaking the Roadblocks

No simple formula exists for raising the supply and holding down the cost of conventional housing on a long-term basis. "There is such an interwoven web of resistances, so many barriers,



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tackle the nation's garbage problem—five pounds per person per day, and growing. We think we can lick that problem, too, with versatile natural gas! These anti-pollution devices are among 100 up-ahead projects at Columbia Research. How far ahead? They're breathing easier in several American cities right now... thanks to the "fume eater."

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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

The Doily and the Dumpling

Whimsy is ashenic fantasy, a fragile, elusive quality difficult to render but easy to shatter into sentimentality. It is a commodity perhaps best left to books and greeting cards. Enlarged and expanded to fill a screen, it can become an overbearing thing, as two new movies pointedly prove.

The Madwoman of Chaillot is a severely earthbound version of Jean Giraudoux's airborne allegory of individual virtue and corporate evil in postwar France. It has been slicked up with

she wins the aid of some colorful companions—a ragpicker (Danny Kaye), a waitress (Nanette Newman) and a young student activist (Richard Chamberlain). In the end, she overcomes, imprisoning the villains in the Parisian sewer system and striking a blow for liberty.

Prominent among the innumerable faults of this lumpy production is some of the most embarrassing acting of the year. Pleasence and, surprisingly, Brynner are both amusing, but Danny Kaye performs as if he were addressing a fundraising rally for UNICEF. As for Katharine Hepburn, she has long since shrouded herself in her mannerisms. If



HEPBURN AS "MADWOMAN"

Liberty in the sewer and communication by sign language.



MINNELLI & BURTON IN "CUCKOO"

sumptuous production and a heavy-weight cast. Yet for all its weight, it has no more strength than a doily cut from Kleenex.

The madwoman (Katharine Hepburn) is a spinster who believes in young love, freedom and graciously decadent living. She feeds all the cats in her Paris suburb, writes daily letters to herself, lives in a mansion and worries equally about her 9-ft. feather boa and the loss, many years past, of her only lover. She would seem to be easy prey for a cartel of international shysters (Yul Brynner, Paul Henreid,* Charles Boyer, Donald Pleasence and Oscar Homolka among them) who have discovered oil under the old lady's property. But she will not be moved, and

anyone parodied her as outrageously as she parodies herself, she could easily sue for libel.

The heroine of *The Sterile Cuckoo* is a happy little dumpling of a college freshman called Pookie, a name that holds promises of maudlin disaster. The movie fulfills them. Pookie (Liza Minnelli) is what used to be called, back in the dim and distant fifties, a kook. She does swell things like move in with her straight-arrow boy friend (Wendell Burton) while he is studying for his finals, puts tape across her mouth—'cause she's promised not to talk to him—and communicates with him by holding up signs. College is some bucolic wonderland where it is always fall, even in the depths of winter, and the students think that S.D.S. is some new kind of 3.2 beer. *The Sterile Cuckoo* is not only irrelevant to today, it is irrelevant to any time at all. Liza Minnelli, who is much too obviously the star of this project, strains to bring the whole thing off, but the task is greater than her talents.

* At 61, Henreid still looks remarkably like the same suave gentleman who lit Bette Davis' cigarettes in *Nm Voyages* and watched Bogart and Bergman yearn after each other in *Casablanca*. These days, he spends most of his time in back of the camera, directing episodes of TV programs like *Bracken's World*.

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BOOKS

Button Up Your Overcoats

BARNETT FRUMMER IS AN UNBLOOMED FLOWER by Calvin Trillin. 98 pages. Viking. \$4.50.

Consider Barnett Frummer. He is a radical for love's sake who finds himself stuck to the hot asphalt pavement after going limp while protesting housing discrimination. He is the hapless yearner for un-chic Rosalie Mondle, who might one day paint "Get Out of Vietnam" across his chest. He is the groping incipient gourmet (trying to out-cook his friends) who dreams that he is accused of eating Fritos. He is the poor chap who cannot get invited to those with-it parties Rosalie attends, "where whites gathered to be castigated by some prominent Negro." Says Barnett: "I can't understand it. I don't like to blow my own horn, but I do think I'm as guilty as anybody." As the anti-anti-hero of Calvin Trillin's collection of short, softly hilarious, episodic *New Yorker*ish misadventures, Barnett jousts for Rosalie's attention in the culture jungle of the great city, raising a series of rumpled expectations all doomed to failure.

Can Barnett destroy a protest movement by leading a "float-in" in front of a Liberian freighter carrying grain for Royalists in Yemen? Impossible. Will Barnett make a mockery of the Camp aesthetic and win the ice-cold heart of Rosalie by memorizing all the shows of the Ted Mack *Original Amateur Hour*? Improbable. Might Barnett expiate 400 years of white guilt by joining "a group of young white businessmen who had gathered together to back a Negro clothes designer and a Harlem dress store in a new line of maternity clothes called 'Mother Jumpers'?" Unconscionable. Could Barnett win Rosalie's attention by mastering "overcoats," the technique of avoiding the frustrations of the big city by combining gall and guile? Indubitably not.

Ages from now, cultivated men will no doubt read Trillin to know the tongue and cheek of coffeehouse New York, much as we read Addison and Steele to know the preoccupations of coffeehouse London. Meanwhile, on Barnett, on! Overcoats and Frummer us to death.

A Concert of Empires

POWER by Adolf A. Berle. 603 pages. Macmillan, Brace & World. \$10.

Adolf Berle's scrutiny of power began well before minority demands for Black Power, student power, etc., gave the subject its present topicality. A veteran intellectual, with special credentials in law and economics, he has been in and out of government service for more than a third of this violent century. As everything from ambassador to special consultant and Assistant Secretary of State, he



MACHIAVELLI
Challenged by chaos.

watched how power was actually used in a variety of crises from the 1933 bank holiday to the Cuban missile showdown. Despite the old American distrust of all power, he believes that our current social ills are eliciting new assertions of power, and that its nature should therefore be better understood. His own attack on it is as systematic and undaunted as any book since Machiavelli's *The Prince*.

Unlike *The Prince*, Berle's is no how-to-do-it book for power wielders. It is an attempt to describe the sources and limits of power in four of its chief manifestations: economic, political, judicial and international. (Pure military power is scanted as mere brute "force.") Berle



ADOLF BERLE
Reason has rights.

opens and closes with visits to Zeus, "god of power," who first used it to overthrow his father Cronus and control the Titans, those symbols of chaos—which Berle assumes is the one thing power can't abide. The plot thickens as Zeus gives birth to the world's first intellectual, Pallas Athena, who says of her father, "I never thought he had any brains," and then proceeds to fill that lack by showing him to what intelligent uses power can be put. Zeus also symbolically sires Apollo, the first creative artist, because "power has always sought the assistance of the arts" to answer the perennial question of how men should live. But power's prime function is to impose order on chaos.

Mythology thus provocatively serves as the source of the first of Berle's five rules of power; that order is always challenged by disorder. The second rule is that power is exercised only by individuals, not groups. Third and fourth: power always carries with it a "system of ideas," and always employs institutions to do its work. Lastly, says Berle, power always acts in a "field of responsibility" requiring a constant dialogue between the rulers and the ruled. An early example was Job's chat with God, which forced Omnipotence to acknowledge that reason has certain rights.

Test Against Experience. Berle tests his five laws mainly against American experience. The institutions through which power works, he observes, have a transient life of their own—like the French bureaucracy, which America's administrative system more and more resembles. Yet institutions are less significant, ultimately, than the system of agreed-upon ideas to which the power wielders must appeal. Growing doubt about the philosophical consensus behind American democracy, says Berle, is "the fundamental problem in America today."

According to Berle, the developing science of economics has helped to subordinate economic to political power and has pretty well tamed the gods of the formerly chaotic marketplace. This power shift has left loose ends. Labor's coercive power to strike, for example, is no longer directed against private management but against the public: it is not always used legitimately or even legally, as in the New York transit strike of 1966. An extended dialogue (e.g., about compulsory arbitration) is required to reach a clearer idea system about the limits on economic power.

Still more dialogue is needed, according to Berle, around another center of power, the Supreme Court. Berle calls the modern court "a revolutionary committee" that has reached "a power position senior to both the executive and legislative branches." He considers the Warren court's assumption of legislative responsibility both inevitable and desirable—in his terms, its school desegregation and reapportionment decisions filled "fragments of chaos." He foresees, however, that the court's increasing use of the 14th Amendment, es-



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A director of clinical medicine at a major pharmaceutical company makes decisions that can be important to you and your family. And he wonders what you would do if you were making the decisions.

"If a drug could restore your health would you accept the risk of side effects?"

On occasion, I've read in newspapers and popular magazines about side effects of drugs. They imply that they are there because of something I or the people I work with have done. Or have not done. The truth is that every potent drug can cause side effects. If it didn't have any at all, it couldn't possibly do any good. The question is one of benefits versus potential risks.

Twenty-five years ago we didn't hear much about the adverse effects of drugs, but we didn't have many effective ones at that time. With the advent of more potent and useful products, undesirable side effects sometimes become a problem. This will be true in the future, too. New cancer agents, antibiotics and drugs for hypertension, for example, will probably be even more potent. Many anti-cancer agents owe their activity to their effect on cells. Which means a balance must be drawn between the good work done by a drug and its unwanted effects.

Physicians often can affect this balance by adjusting the dosage, or by selecting a different form of an existing drug product potent enough to do the job. But that doesn't stop us from looking for improvements. Perhaps what we are learning about modifying molecular structures will help us to control side effects. We've already had some success. We expect to have more.

In the meantime, the physician needs the widest possible latitude in the choice of therapeutic agents to treat his patients. The pharmaceutical industry will continue to provide him with useful data—reliable and current information on favorable and adverse effects of drug products. Guided by this type of full disclosure, the most logical decision can then be made on whether the benefits outweigh the risks.

Another point of view . . .

*Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association,
1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005*

pecially its "equal protection of the laws" doctrine, can be logically extended from schools and voting to such new areas as the granting of private credit and pension rights and even to a system of guaranteed income by judicial decree. Judicial power, Berle feels, has not been adequately "institutionalized." It is now subject to no appeal "other than agitation or, at worst, mobs in the streets." One of Berle's proposals for institutionalizing the court's self-appointed mandate is a council of advisers and a congressional committee to suggest laws ensuring constitutional rights. The object is to confront and deal with political questions "before, rather than after, the Supreme Court enters the arena."

Berle feels that the recurrent threat of chaos is most pressing in foreign affairs. Pure nationalism, as bequeathed to the modern world by Machiavelli, he sees as the dominant focus of international power still. But its influence is complicated by such things as Communist messianism (waning), and such illusions of order as can be generated by the United Nations. Berle believes power's next institutional forum, internationally, is not likely to be a single world empire but a concert of empires. All of which at least will have a good chance of avoiding nuclear war (the "least immediate" of Berle's fears). A good empire, by Berle's definition, is simply a superpower whose neighbors and client states can be free as long as they do not threaten the superpower's safety, as Cuba threatened America's in 1962. Empires are built on fear, not greed; and if their fears are minimized, Berle asserts, their economic influence will fade into the larger reality of an autonomous world market system.

Berle has no faith in automatic human evolution for the better. His chief bias is an old New Deal planner's intolerance of chaos—which may not prove as intolerable as he thinks. His analysis of power is a great deal more congenial to the American mind than Machiavelli's, which separated power from ethics. In outlining a basis for the post-modern world, Berle makes clear that power succeeds only with the help of philosophers, whose task is to cause man to agree on ideas of good and evil.

Clay and Fire

THE WITCHES by Francoise Mallet-Joris. 391 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.95.

To a remarkable degree, these three short novels about witchcraft in 16th and 17th century France seem to have been observed and recorded, rather than written. The characters are not propelled here and there by the author; their movements are their own. This is true of all good fiction, of course. Stories and novels are not clockwork but life systems, given energy by the author's inner eye.

Yet Francoise Mallet-Joris's observation is unusually wary and intense, perhaps because her creatures move in a



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WITCHES (16TH CENTURY)
The smell of evil.

society held rigid by theology where diabolism is as real as rock—a milieu not merely strange but very nearly incomprehensible to a mind formed in the 20th century. A modern student can read the documents—the witch-burners were articulate enough—but statistics and dry records are unlikely to convey to him any idea of the atmosphere that hangs for days, according to the author, in a town square after a witch has been burned. Is the smell, for instance, reassuring, since it signifies that evil has been expunged? Or is it unsettling, because it calls to mind a dreadful spectacle too heartily enjoyed? Such questions elude the historian.

Novelist Mallet-Joris, however, seems imaginatively sure of the answers. She is a Belgian educated at Bryn Mawr. It is not frivolous to say that she learned the feel of the late 16th and early 17th centuries by writing these novels, and that she wrote them in order to learn. Ordinary historical research, the reading of the documents, was only a beginning; the more important part of her learning, it is clear, came as her characters took form and motion. What clay and what fire make a witch? Write a novel, watch, and find out. The method works if the author has a genius for empathy and historic imagination.

The three witches are historical figures: Anne de Chantraine, a peddler's moony daughter, is burned at 17 in Liège; Charles Poirot, a physician who falls in love with a monstrously pious lady invalid and is burned after she retreats from him into hysteria and screams that he has possessed her; Jeanne Harvilliers, a gypsy's granddaughter filled with loathing for the lead-souled villagers who come to her for love charms and poisons. The book's flat prose is curiously eloquent. "She

was on the side of the executioners," the account says of a young girl, "as children always are." The author knows what the town square of Liège smelled like; she can read the minds of judges three centuries dead. Witchcraft lives, and so does the novel.

I Am Curious (Irving)

THE SEVEN MINUTES by Irving Wallace. 607 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.50.

As a rule, the effect of Irving Wallace's books is indirectly proportional to his reader's lack of information and sophistication. *The Seven Minutes*, a turgid, untitling novel about an obscenity trial, is no exception. It is a book for people who don't know much about pornography but who know what they like.

The basic situation pits a politically ambitious but honest California district attorney against an idealistic, pipe-smoking lawyer who is defending a book-seller accused of selling obscene matter. The matter in question is *The Seven Minutes*, a novel that records the thoughts of a woman while she is enjoying intercourse. "Filth!" cry the D.A., the church and civilian smut-busters. "Art," intones the defense and assorted experts. "Shame," says the reader who recognizes that Wallace fails to show an awareness of the 1966 Supreme Court ruling on *Fanny Hill*. The decision stated that a book offending community standards could be proscribed only if it was found to be "utterly without redeeming social value." Had Wallace let this fact into his fabrication, the case of *The Seven Minutes* would have lost nearly all the artificial relevance the author so strenuously pumped into it. Instead he is content to conclude with incontestable banalities—among them the assertion that books are vital to civilization and honest men can have disagreements about them.

A Terrible Nudity

A SEA CHANGE by J. R. Salamanca. 501 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

"Marriage is a desperate thing," wrote the 17th century English jurist John Selden. Three centuries later, after 13 years of seeming marital bliss, the two main characters in J. R. Salamanca's superb new novel suddenly discover what complex anguish Selden had in mind.

On the surface, Michael and Margaret Pritchard are a rather ordinary childless couple. He is a shy, fairly dull curator of manuscripts at the Library of Congress, apparently content with an orderly retreat from life among the works of long dead poets. She is a good-looking, sensitive, sometimes witty middle-aged woman with a crippled hand from a childhood bout with polio. She feels his passion has waned, and wants more excitement in her life. He feels caged by the demands of her love. That worm in the bud eats at their inner emotional lives. Their affectionate love slowly evolves from gentle innocence and ide-

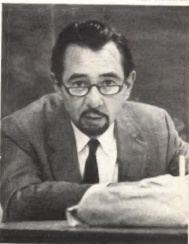
alism toward self-knowledge and final corruption.

Salamanca, 45, teaches English at the University of Maryland. He explored the theme of troubled love under widely different and far more dramatic circumstances in his first two novels, *The Lost Country* and *Lilith*. Just because the Pritchards are so ordinary, the corruption wrought by self-knowledge in *A Sea Change* is more ironic and profound. In an attempt to provoke a return to the freshness of their early love, the Pritchards torment each other in various subtle as well as insidious ways—until nothing is left of their marriage.

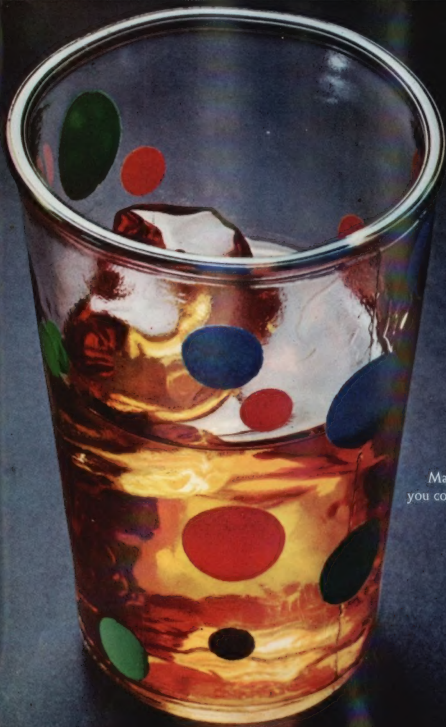
Part of their courtship was spent aboard a yacht on Chesapeake Bay, so the Pritchards decide to recapture the essence of their romance by taking a three-month vacation on Cap Ferrat on the French Mediterranean. There, surrounded by a group of sybaritic international degenerates, Michael has an intense sexual bout with an English actress and, wittingly or unwittingly, hires an Italian gigolo to teach Margaret French and other things. What they both learn is what destroys them.

Margaret writes in a letter: "What is it that we've injured or violated in each other? Have we found out things about each other that even the other doesn't know, or want to know, or to have known? Or are we full of fear and trembling before the final, entire, terrible nudity that real marriage requires of us?"

Although the marriage ends with Margaret's disappearance from Cap Ferrat, it lives on in Michael's mind, recounted and reflected upon there in a sometimes ironic, sometimes bitter, often tender and usually elegiac tone. By using the erudite Michael as his narrator, J. R. Salamanca succeeds in finding an appropriate vehicle for his insights and his fluid poetic prose. Few writers have shown so perceptively that love and marriage are not as simply connected as the horse and carriage.



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